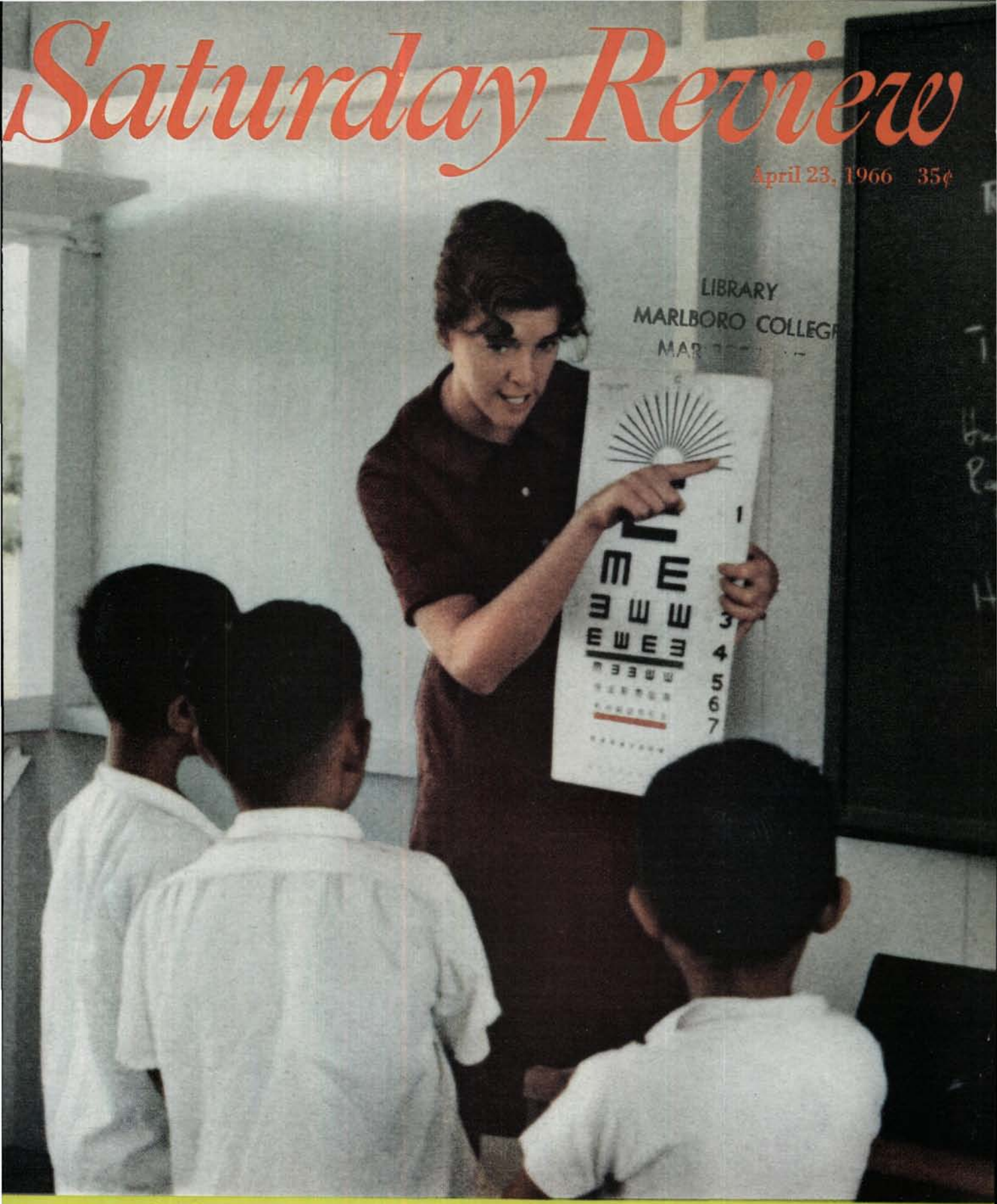
Saturday Review

April 23, 1966 35¢



Peace Corps Volunteer Jo Ann Thompson of Le Mars, Iowa, gives eye examination to Malaysian schoolboys

FIVE YEARS WITH THE PEACE CORPS, By Sargent Shriver

ON ENGLISH AND AMERICAN POETRY, By Stephen Spender

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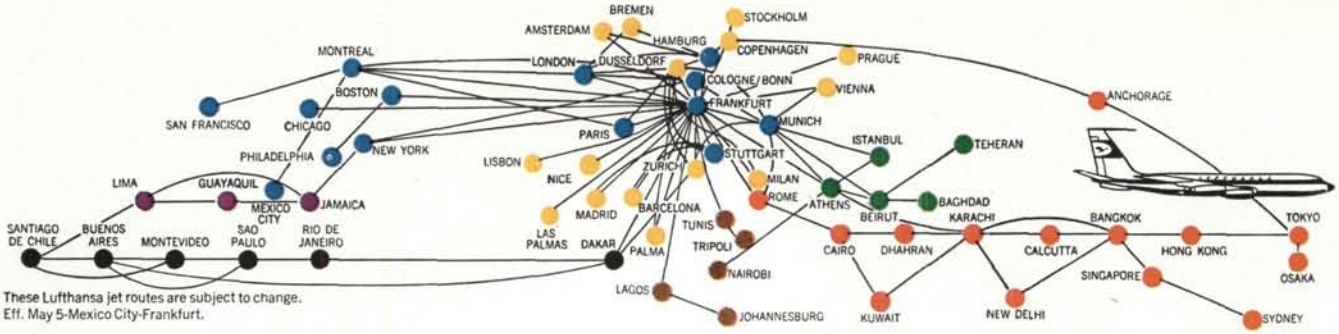

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For six years, the O. Henry Prize Stories have been edited by a young, decidedly un-grey eminence named Richard Poirier. Poirier, who came to the task when teaching at Harvard, and with a book or two behind him, has since gone on to become Chairman of the English Department at Rutgers and an editor of *Partisan Review*. About two years ago, he introduced as co-editor the young novelist and editor of the Atlantic Monthly Press, William Abrahams, welcoming his assistance in reading and selecting from work I believe is the most accomplished American literary form of our time.

Now Dick Poirier is "retiring." The quotation marks are necessary because a responsible post plus a full schedule of writing and editing make his a retirement into furious activity. But as editor, he has never been furious: he has been cool, yet committed; passionate in his interest in and advocacy of the short story; and eagerly on the prowl for good work from new and established writers.

Abrahams continues in that tradition. "The anti-novel has become a cliché of international literary conversation," he remarks in his introduction to the 1966 awards volume, "but no one has yet had cause to speak of the anti-story, perhaps because to tell a story continues to be a natural and necessary activity." The stories he and Poirier have chosen are necessary and important to serious readers, too. They include strongly established authors – Updike, Nancy Hale, Jesse Hill Ford– and those coming on strong, like Tom Cole, Maureen Howard, and Gina Berriault.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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Saturday Review

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After courses in mechanical arts and drafting, Steve joined the Ternstedt Division of General Motors. His first job—to fix intricate machinery when it got fouled up. Today, Steve is the Foreman of the machine repair team at this important GM Division.

Looking back, it was more than a broken alarm clock that a young boy found so many years ago. It was, in effect, a lifetime career.

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Progress Negative

Edited by Martin Levin

Never Was I Born to Set Them Right

Since the non-book and the anti-hero are now accepted elements of modern negative living
I feel justified in mentioning a few examples of the march of progress for which I suggest a heartfelt non-thanksgiving.
I not only like Turkish towels or a reasonable facsimile on emerging from the tub,
I also like towels after washing my hands, even paper ones that you rip untimely from a reluctant device that warns you, Blot, do not rub.
I do not like the contraptions that have replaced towels in every washroom from the humblest Howard Johnson to the haughtiest Statler or Hilton,
Those abominations which you stand cringingly in front of waiting for them to scorch you with a blast of air from a hell hotter than any imagined by Dante or Milton.
I like the common incandescent lamp whose light is produced in a filament rendered luminous by the passage of current through it,
I do not like the fluorescent lamp in which light is produced by passage of electricity through a metallic vapor or gas enclosed in a tube or bulb, I resent it, I rue it, I eschew it.
You stumble into a dark room and press a switch and then stand in continuing darkness for half a minute wondering if you have blown a fuse sky-high,
And then the fluorescent fixture flickers and hesitates and finally lights up and you see your face in the mirror and it is yellow and green and purple like a recently blackened eye.
I do not like bottle openers shaped like a mermaid or a fish or even an axolotl,
They may be all right for driving thumb tacks with but they're no good for opening a bottle.
I do not like the substitution at toll-booths of the electronic coin-basket for the human collector,
I accept it as grudgingly as Hecuba might have accepted the substitution of Polypherus for Hector.
The collector would even lean into your car to accept the coin from your right hand, but you have to toss it at the basket with your left,
And I happen to be the least ambidextrous northpaw who ever chunked a pebble at a newt or an eft.
We shall soon be a nation of southpaws, and as an ardent baseball fan I find the prospect bitter;
When there are none but port-sided hurlers on the mound it spells the extinction of the versatile switch-hitter.
I do not like the thrifty European airmail stationery combining envelope with letter, I have never faced one but I trembled;
You need a well-honed paper knife to open it, and end up with eight or sixteen fragments which must be painstakingly re-assembled.
Speaking of envelopes, I particularly dislike in our non-civilization the return envelope with postage prepaid which the Internal Revenue Department does not enclose with its annual demands; of needlessly irritating the tax payer this is the most picayune of their many ways;
When I drain my bank account to write them a check I think that they might at least blow me to a nickel's worth of postage, especially as it wouldn't cost them anything anyways. —OGDEN NASH.

A Letter to Alma Mater

DEAR MR. DEAN:

The letter from my Alma Mater arrived yesterday, along with an advertisement from a Washington, D. C. firm which advised me I could "Hear Again, Instantly!" if I were fortunate enough to be one of the millions of people who are suffering from nerve deafness.

I became so absorbed with the diagram of the inner ear and the picture of fingers inserting a bullet-shaped hearing aid into the cavity that I didn't get around to opening your letter until today.

"No wires lead from the body to the

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head," the advertisement noted, and that was my main trouble at college, come to think of it. I wandered around sort of disconnected; when the brain was supposed to be doing something, the body was always involved in something else and not receiving any signals.

Anyway, your letter was so intriguing I decided to reply at once. This will be the first time I've corresponded with my old college since graduation. I learn from various fund-drive postcards, letters, and pamphlets that you are building buildings with amazing speed down there. Sometime I get the awful feeling that the entire institution has been leveled by The Bomb and must be rebuilt. I've been meaning to say something about that but I never seem to get around to writing. I lead a full life and my evenings are taken up with carting clothes to the laundromat in town because the washer is broken; untangling the dog's chain; and lately I've been putting a new wick in the table lighter.

The appeals for funds always reach me anyway. I have found that my address is unknown to the Post Office Department if somebody tries to send me a check, or if an old flame seeks to rekindle fires. But the full machinery of the mighty U.S. Mails—all the men and complex modern equipment—is utilized in ferreting me out whenever somebody fires off an appeal for funds. I am sending you my correct address, but you can always reach me by just writing "Occupant" on the envelope.

The main reason I'm writing is to thank you for inviting me to an "Alumni Brainstorming Session" where you plan to discuss "What your college can do for you" and "What you can do for your college." I can't imagine why you have invited me to a Brainstorming Session unless you have me confused with Brandon Davis, who did *Times* Double-Crostics in ink.

I'd love to just take off and come down to your meeting, Mr. Dean, but your letter arrived much too late. You didn't put my zip code on, and I understand they're clamping down on that. Besides, I'm married and have three pre-school-age children. They drive everybody wild. If I told my wife I planned to leave her alone with them and spend the weekend in North Carolina at a Brainstorming Session, there'd be big trouble. Besides there isn't a woman in the world who'd believe a story like that.

But thanks again for the invitation. Please give my regards to the brainstormers, and you might mention to the group that if anyone is suffering from nerve deafness I have a pamphlet I'd be glad to send on. No wires lead from the body to the head.

I wish I could say that in Latin.

Best wishes,

—Dereck Williamson.

Gentlemen: If you purchase this shaver, we promise never to repair it.

But we will promise you this, and in writing: If anything goes wrong within one year we will send you an all-new ACCUMEN Shaver. After that one-year guarantee period, and if you are unhappy with the shaver for any reason, return it to us—even if it's thirteen years from now—and for just $12.95 we'll send you the newest "top-of-the-line" model available at the time. (We fully realize that $12.95 may be worth only $2.95 thirteen years from now. But that's our hard luck). And then you can start this all over again with that new shaver—for another thirteen years if you wish. That's why we call it the "ACCUMEN LifeTime Shaver Plan."

If this sounds like an unprecedented offer, you are correct. It is. And if you think there must be some "gimmick" involved, you are also correct. There is. We would not stick our necks out so far and for so long if we weren't quite sure that the ACCUMEN will give you trouble-free satisfaction from now until the cows come home. What makes us so sure? Just this: We have observed the ACCUMEN's performance for years in Europe and since we introduced it to this country. We have talked to hundreds of really satisfied owners. We have "fan letters" by the score. Finally, we know what it's made of and how it's made. It will be a rare ACCUMEN that falters or disappoints.

This is the Ultimate Shaver — we think this is the finest shaver made in the world today. Cordless or otherwise. In our opinion it makes all others obsolete. Very few of our competitors describe their shavers as "second best," so we quite understand if you take all of these claims with a heaping spoonful of salt. But, here, for your consideration, are the principal reasons why we believe the ACCUMEN to be "The Ultimate."

1. The Powerplant: A high-potential nickel-cadmium battery, which will give you at least ten to fifteen good shaves before recharging. As an aside: The president of Witte & Sutor (manufacturers of the ACCUMEN) is none other than Herr Waldemar Witte, the inventor of the rechargeable flashlight. He ought to know!

2. The Motor: The "synchromesh" motor is a 6000 rpm. marvel of German engineering. Barium ferrite permanent magnets, self-lubricating bearings and copper-carbon brushes assure a long, hardworking life.

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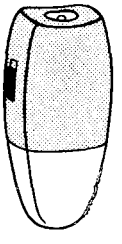

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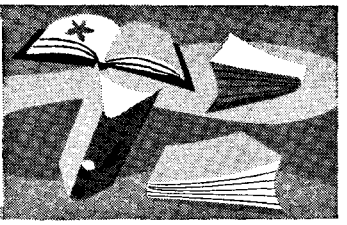
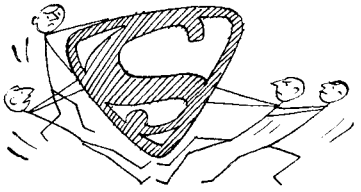
Trade Winds



A lot of talented young people are getting credit for the latest Superman bonanza—the Broadway musical. There's Adams and Strouse, who wrote the music; Newman and Benton, who did the book; Hal Prince, the producer, and others. There's talk of selling it to Hollywood, too. It all means more royalties for National Periodicals, the huge publishing outfit that owns the Man of Steel (and Batman) and collects millions every year from his movies, television, radio, books, toys, bubble gum and other connections.

Two fellows aren't getting a cent. They are Joe Shuster and Jerry Siegel. All they did was to invent Superman. That was in the 1930s when *they* were talented young people. After peddling the strip unsuccessfully for several years ("A man who *flies*?"), they signed a contract and



Superman appeared in the June 1938 issue of *Action Comics*. In a few years he had 20,000,000 readers and a host of by-products and imitators. As is the custom in the business, the creators signed away ownership of their strip and were working on the payroll as artist (Shuster) and writer (Siegel).

They were making good money, but when their ten-year contract came to an end they took National Periodicals to court to try to get back the title. The litigation ended when, for a settlement of $100,000, they signed away all rights not only to Superman but to Superboy and all the other characters they had dreamed up since the beginning. They got the settlement, but they lost their jobs. It didn't make any difference in the production of Superman because it took a big staff of writers and artists to put it out, anyway.

The two partners split up and freelanced. At one point Siegel was rehired to do some work on Superman. Now he is in Hollywood writing animation for cartoons. Shuster's eyes began to fail him and he has been scratching out a living as a cartoonist and illustrator, working out of his Long Island home. But that isn't the end of the story. April 19 is D-day. That's the expiration of the original copyright on Superman and guess what? Siegel and Shuster as well as National Periodicals have all filed renewal applications with the Library of Congress.

NPP President Jack Liebowitz says, "We own Superman—period."

Joe Shuster insists, "The copyright reverts to us April 19, 1966."

Clark Kent had better do something, fast!

I ran into a young friend at Town Meeting one night in March. I wasn't surprised to see him inside the Town Hall because I had recognized his Volkswagen in the parking lot and his pedigreed German shepherd in the car.

"I see you've got your dog guarding the car," I said.

"No, it's not that," he explained. "I've got her locked in. I've been looking in the papers and on television about those dog-napping gangs. They're not going to get Countess if I can help it."

"Where's Carolyn?" I asked, looking around for his gorgeous brunette wife.

"I left her home."

"Are the doors of the house locked?" I asked.

"Gee, I wouldn't know. Why?"

Here's something you can win a bet on. You become a year older the day *before* your birthday. Let's say your twenty-first birthday was the date of this magazine, April 23. You would be twenty-one the first instant of April 22, and for the entire day. It would apply no matter what your age, but with twenty-one it raises more interesting speculation. A minor could buy a drink or vote the day before his birthday, for example.

The reason for this is that (unless there is a state law to the contrary) according to the civil computation of time, which differs from the natural computation, a day having begun, it is considered as ended. Therefore, at the first instant of the last day of your twentieth year, it becomes the last instant of your twenti-

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eth year and you start your twenty-first, on the day before your birthday.

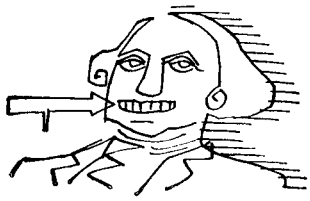
I found this out from Samuel G. Kling, author of the *Complete Guide to Everyday Law* (Follett) and I sure hope I've got it straight.

Those really frank and exciting essays by Pauline Kael on the movies and the motion picture business can now be read in a Bantam paperback edition. The blurbs on the front and back covers quote book reviews from the *New York Times*, praising Miss Kael as the "most resourceful movie critic in the United States" with "the surest instinct for movies since James Agee."

After that, I was surprised to find that the villain of the inside of the book is Bosley Crowther, motion picture critic of the very same *Times*. He is placed on the rack on at least eighteen occasions throughout Pauline Kael's book. She sarcastically calls him "the colossus," "indomitable" and "ineffable." He has "the reverse acumen that makes him invaluable," she declares. Another time she refers to "Bosley Crowther, who can always be counted on to miss the point."

About the author, the publisher's cover blurb cries, "Jousting with a meat-headed critic . . . she will leave you screaming for more." If Mr. Crowther is screaming, it is not for more.

Would you be surprised to know that in East Germany they are fluoridating the drinking water? Opponents of it in this country often say fluoridation is a Communist plot. In East Germany they must be tagging it as capitalistic subversion.



Charlie Rice says, "Show me the First President's dentures and I'll show you the George Washington Bridge."

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

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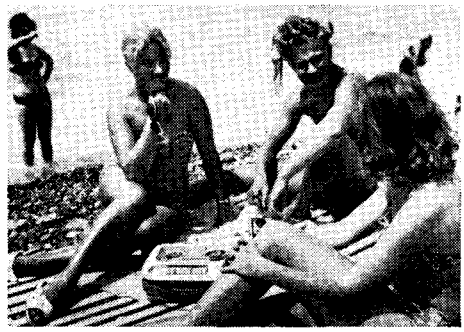
E. J. Kahn, Jr.:

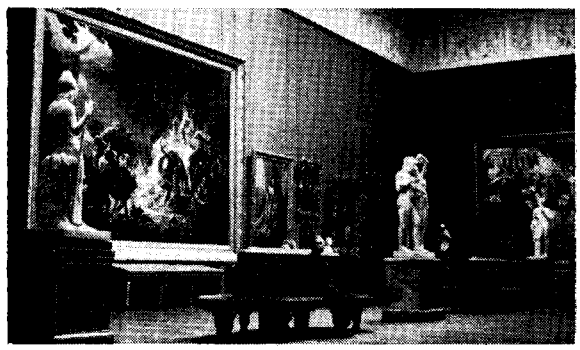
THE WORLD OF SWOPE

Swope talked loudly. Ethel Barrymore, en route to a country home into which the Swopes had just moved, was told by a mutual friend that she might have trouble finding the place. Nonsense, she said; she would just go to the edge of town and listen.

LINCOLN CENTER? Nyet. BOLSHOI? Yes.



MIAMI BEACH? Nyet. SOCHI? Yes.



NATIONAL GALLERY? Nyet. HERMITAGE? Yes.

Yes, the legendary Bolshoi Ballet is touring the United States now. But try and get tickets! This year, see them perform on the same stage where Chaliapin once sang and Pavlova danced. In Moscow. □ □ Our beaches are said to rank on a par with the Riviera and Miami Beach. This year, come to one of our most popular and discover the exhilarating combination of "sea, sunshine and Sochi." □ □ Where can you find the largest collection of Spanish art outside of Spain? This year, head straight for the source. The Leningrad Hermitage. One of the great art museums of all time. □ □ All this is the Soviet Union. But that's not the half of it. Within our borders, we also have Near Eastern and Oriental cultures, medieval cities, river cruises, hunting, health resorts, magnificent natural wonders, prehistoric ruins. Why, you could spend an entire vacation just exploring Moscow. Or Leningrad. Or Kiev. □ □ For more fact-filled information and free folders, talk to your travel agent or write directly to us.

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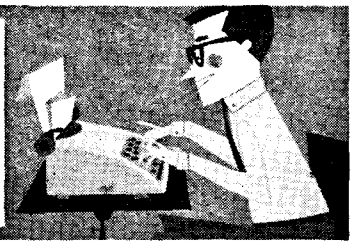
Top of My Head



A Table for 500 Million, Please

MY EMPATHY went entirely to Madam Indira Gandhi when recently she visited our have-country seeking food relief for her have-not people. Through sheer personality Madam Gandhi was able to catch the eye of the headwaiter who signalled his captains to lead the lady to a choice table groaning under a load of 3,500,000 tons of foodstuff.

If this does not seem to you too miraculous a feat it's because you have never tasted the bitter dregs of anonymity until you suffer the slings and bad tables given you by a headwaiter in a class mid-Manhattan restaurant at lunchtime. Here the caste system prevails at its most heinous.

I think the latest lunchtime status symbol is whether or not you have appeared on one of those late TV talk shows. Never having scaled that pinnacle of eminence on the Johnny Carson show or with Merv Griffin, much less Crane, I seem always to materialize before a headwaiter as a have-not country seeking food relief. Having made a reservation for two I give my name. He looks over his chart and turns to his captain and calls out "Table Fifty-six."

If any of you think Table 56 is the number of one of the tables you are wrong. Table 56 is the number of several tables. The code number of several tables. The area code number. Your table is located somewhere in the area between the George Washington Bridge and the Berlin Wall. The wrong side of the wall. Near a kitchen. With swinging doors. And swinging waiters who juggle dishes precariously over your head. Fifty-six is the tall, thin table in vestibules, usually reserved for the morning mail and a small silver tray of last year's Christmas cards.

This vicious system strikes at the very foundation of the Fourth of July for which our forebears fought: that when in the course of human events it becomes necessary to take a client to lunch, it becomes self-evident that all men are entitled to equal and reasonable treatment by a headwaiter whose forebears never had anything to do with that Fourth of July business, but who insists on perpetuating their feudalism.

To counteract this unconstitutional and treasonable activity I have originated several ploys which have stood me in good stead but which can only be used once in each restaurant. They run like this:

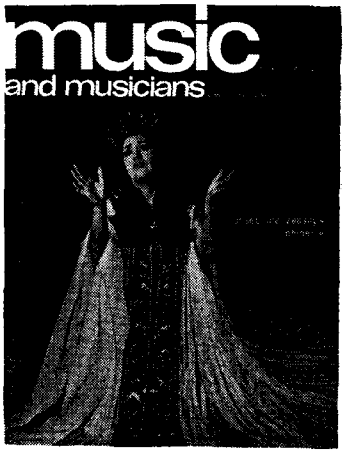
If I invite to lunch a prospective business associate whom I want to impress, I call the restaurant and reserve a table for three. At the restaurant I go to the headwaiter and give my name. As he runs his finger down his reservation list I get a fast glimpse of 56. I quickly lean closer and say softly: "Did Governor Rockefeller arrive yet?" This is a startler and he says quietly: "No, not yet," and he turns to a captain and says "Table four."

RESEARCH proves, as I said before, that this works only once per restaurant. A month later I used this maneuver and the same headwaiter said "You'll have to wait for the Governor at the bar." Another ploy that works only once to a restaurant is to say to the headwaiter just before he assigns you to your personal disaster area: "Hey, I remember you! Weren't you a bus boy at El Morocco?" This reminds him of his beginnings as a bus boy, which he doubtless was, and leaves the impression that I'm an El Morocco man, which positively I'm not.

A close friend in the advertising business leaves me dazzled and envious when we arrive for lunch at a restaurant to find the velvet rope up and a crowd waiting patiently for a table. He ignores the crowd, approaches the headwaiter and softly recites one short sentence and we are ushered to one of the choice tables. I asked him for his formula. He gave me that Mona Lisa smile. It's at times like this when I wonder if it's my tie, the width of my lapels or my heavy glasses.

But one day I followed close behind and heard him whisper to the headwaiter: "I'll bet you ten dollars you can't get me a table right away." The headwaiter won the bet. This of course is not only dishonest and contributory to the delinquency of a headwaiter but it is also not deductible.

As indicated above Madam Gandhi managed quite easily and well through sheer personality. And that sari helped considerably. I've been thinking about that sari. But I don't have the shoulders for it. —GOODMAN ACE.



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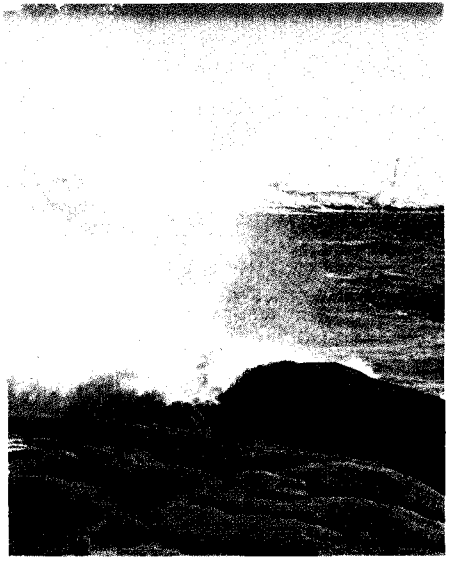

The Province of Nova Scotia is all but surrounded by salt water. Wherever you go, you are never more than 35 miles from the sight and sound of the sea. Nova Scotia's seascapes attract artists, photographers, and beachcombers. Spectators, too.

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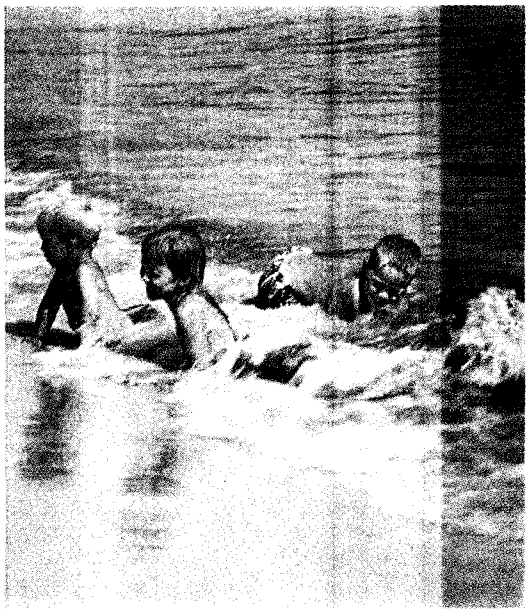
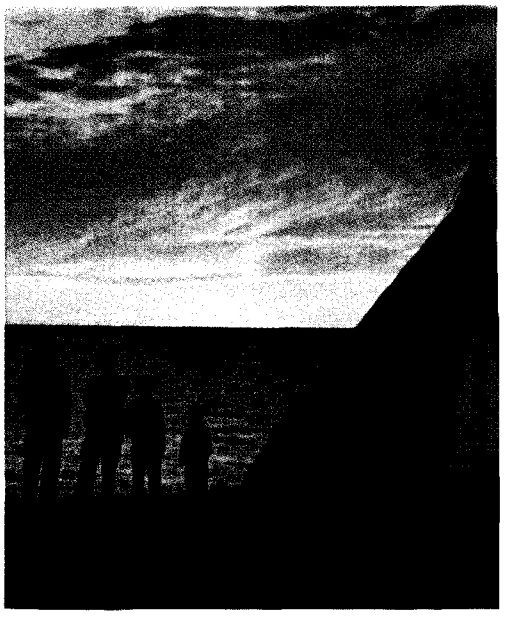
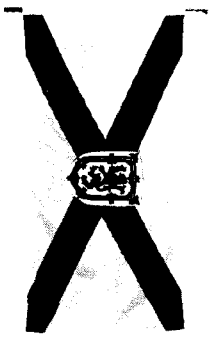


Like fish to water, youngsters take to Nova Scotia. Resort area beaches are sunny and safe and slope gently to the sea. Clam-digging and shore cookouts are among the favorite pastimes. Nova Scotia summers have a special appeal to young families.



Send the coupon for more information on Nova Scotia, including a colourful picture presentation, accommodation guide and road map. If you are interested in tenting and trailer facilities, ask for "Camp and Picnic Sites in Nova Scotia."

You must come down to the sea again. This summer.



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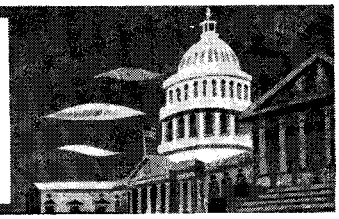
State of Affairs



Labor's Victory

LONDON.

REVOLUTIONS devour their children, so it has been said. But after the thumping victory of the Labor Party in the recent British elections it would be more appropriate to say that the children have devoured the revolution. The majority of new men swelling the ranks of the Labor Party in Parliament do not have the traditional working class background, not what used to be called the "cloth cap" image; they are mostly the product of an educated meritocratic society.

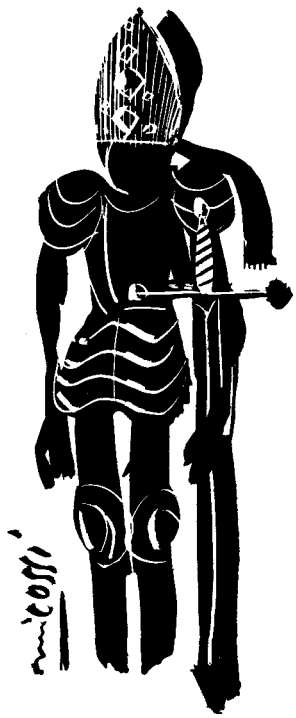
Harold Wilson, and Hugh Gaitskill before him, have felt that the Labor Party is at a disadvantage in being too closely identified with the trade unions, and both have said privately that they would like their party to become more like the Democratic Party in the United States, which embraces a far wider spectrum of society—including most of the intellectuals.

The latest British elections have brought about this basic change. The vote was for a kind of progressive liberalism, for middle-of-the-road politics, for a modern approach to contemporary problems, for a new pragmatism and against traditional Labor Party dogmas.

In the 1964 elections, which Mr. Wilson won with the barest majority, he tried to emulate John F. Kennedy: his slogan then was a modification of the Kennedy theme to "get the country moving." This time Prime Minister Wilson sought to imitate the Johnsonian consensus philosophy: he tried to occupy as much of the political center ground as possible. And the reason he succeeded was that Edward Heath, leader of the Tory Party, was too new, too much of an unknown quantity to the electorate, while Mr. Wilson was already well known and considered better equipped to deal with Britain's momentous problems. Above all, though, he was the classless leader.

The average age of Labor Party members recently elected to Parliament is thirty-seven. No less than 63 per cent are university graduates and among them less than half come from Oxford and Cambridge, the majority having gone to the so-called red brick universities (in American terms the very opposite of the Ivy League universities). The majority graduate to become school masters, lawyers and communications men—including advertising, journalism and public relations. Businessmen are still a rare breed in the Labor Party. This is not to say that some of these new young Laborites won't have strong left-wing biases; but it does mean that the Labor Party has become much more the party of the middle classes, and the striking class difference between the two parties as expressed in the way men dress, until recently very apparent in the House of Commons, will be greatly diminished. The good will of the middle classes which is the strength of the Democratic Party in the United States now also has become the main asset of the Labor Party in Britain.

The Conservatives, for their part, aware of the changing mood of the middle classes who used to be on their side, last summer replaced what was once referred to as the "grouse moor" image of Sir Alec Douglas-Home with the classless Edward Heath, the first Conservative leader who clearly is not a member of the establishment but who himself belongs to the middle class. One classless leader however does not make a classless party. Too many among the Conservative candidates had traditional Tory backgrounds and now the Conservative Party is in many ways faced with the kind of basic overhaul the Republican Party must undertake in the United States. The Conservatives are not as divided among themselves as the Republicans—though the losses suffered have shifted the party's gravity to the right. They even have a kind of intellectual Goldwater among their vote-getters in the person of Enoch Powell, a former university professor and a powerful advocate of right-wing policies. This internal shift to the right also implies an anti-American bias—a further problem that could make a Tory comeback more difficult. In the old days when traditional socialist dogmas dominated Labor Party policies and the Conservatives were led by Sir Winston Churchill and Harold Macmillan, anti-Americanism was more deeply rooted in the Labor Party, but with Labor losing the old dogmatism this has changed. Anti-Americanism has instead grown among businessmen, most of whom vote Conservative because they have come to feel that American economic power is encroaching more and more on their own preserve in the spheres of international trade and industry. This is one reason why the Conservatives have become the staunchest champions of Britain's entry into Europe.



When Harold Macmillan, in his days as Prime Minister, tried to lead Britain into Europe it was to make certain that the gap between the United States and a new united Europe would be narrow; but in the Conservatives' present mood to join Europe there is a decidedly anti-American sentiment. From it springs the hope that a strong and united Europe, including Britain, would be able to resist the spread of American economic power which has made it impossible for many key industries to compete successfully—arms and aircraft production and the chemical and computer industries, for example.

Whether Mr. Wilson in the five years of Labor rule which he is now assured will lead Britain into Europe, only time will tell. He himself believes instinctively in a closer relationship with the United States than with Europe. Yet subtle changes have taken place among some of the anti-Europe members of Mr. Wilson's cabinet, and the general guessing is that in another two or three years both Europe and Britain will be psychologically ready for a "merger." Meanwhile Mr. Wilson must find a way to cope with two of his most serious problems: the continuing sterling crisis, and his test of strength with Rhodesia, whose Prime Minister, Ian Smith, has so far successfully fought off economic sanctions imposed by the British Government.

It will be interesting to see if Mr. Wilson, with the political advantages of his large majority, can now become a strong leader, and develop from tactician into a man of long-range political vision.

—HENRY BRANDON.

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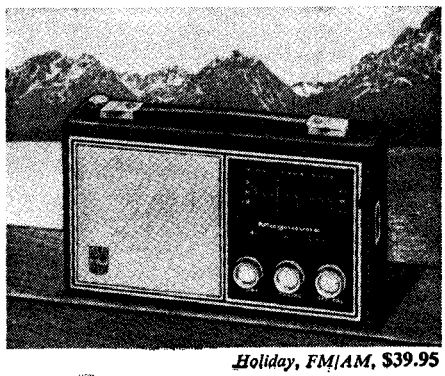

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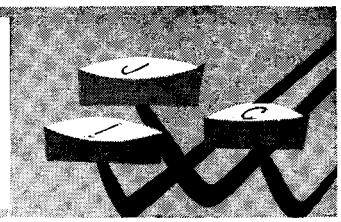

Mailbag; Thanks: I must thank poet Robert Necker for a clipping from the January 17, 1966, edition of an otherwise unidentified New Jersey newspaper concerning an easily identified New Jersey view of the arts.

Jersey City, it seems, has something called a museum, and has even gone so far as to exhibit within the museum's walls an exhibition of genuine oil paintings under the sponsorship of the Modern Artists Guild. Among the paintings so exhibited to Jersey Cityzens were three by Mrs. Mia LeComte of Closter, New Jersey. I am sorry to say I have not seen the paintings in question, but Mr. August W. Heckman, president of the Jersey City Museum Association, saw them before the show opened, and took instant action in defense of whatever there is to defend over there.

One of Mrs. LeComte's paintings for the show seems to have been based on an earlier painting titled *The Mistress of Fontainebleau,* in which the mistress of Henry IV of France is shown in the bathtub with her sister. Mrs. LeComte's painting, I gather, follows the same theme and uses the same title but lets the water out of the bathtub whereby the ladies are painted both from the waist up and from the waist down.

Mr. Heckman, it seems, objected up and down, insisted that the painting could not be offered to the smog-shrouded eyes of the good people of Jersey City, and had it chucked out of the show. At that point Mr. LeComte, rising in defense of his wife, accused Mr. Heckman of "provincialism," and Mr. Heckman, in a fair and righteous sample of mind at work in Jersey City, announced that as far as he was concerned "We'll stay provincial in Jersey City."

As this report shows, Mr. Heckman is no man for halfway measures:

> "It is, frankly, not a picture that I think school children should be allowed to view," Heckman, the father of five youngsters, added.
>
> Asked if the painting had any artistic merit in itself, regardless of whether or not it is "objectionable" from a moral standpoint, Heckman replied:
>
> "In my opinion any picture that would be considered objectionable can have no artistic merit." He added that the picture was "way out—something that would be more at home on the left bank of the Seine in Paris."
>
> "With so many fine and beautiful things for artists to portray, I don't see why we should have this sort of painting," he concluded.

I just wonder if the dense and populated good people of Jersey City know how lucky they are to have all their fine and beautiful things so carefully guarded. But of course they do, I tell myself, and it must certainly be a comfort to all right-thinking people, or to what Jersey City has in place of people, to know that no one there is going to be allowed to look at any painting school children should not be allowed to look at. I might as well confess that I am not sure what it is that school children should be allowed to look at and what it is they shouldn't be allowed to. But I do have to feel that Mr. Heckman puts things on the right level: keep it fit for the kindergarten.

Yes, there will always be scoffers. Even in Jersey City, I suppose, there must be some ingrate un-American radicals who want to go around having their own opinions about things. Some of them may even go so far as to belittle Mr. Heckman. But if there *is* any such doubt in anyone's mind, I want him to know that I have been on that there left bank of that there Seine River in Paris, France, and take my word for it, nobody in the Jersey City kindergarten (or in the city government, if that is a step up from kindergarten) could begin to imagine some of the stuff that goes on there. Why, some of those artists paint people the way they *are*—and there's nothing fine and beautiful about that. Not, at least, in Jersey City. That Jean-Paul Sartre everyone is talking about over there isn't even married to that Simone de Beauvoir he is always discussing things with. And when those people write, or paint, or sculpt, well, believe me—you had just better keep the youngsters away from that stuff or the first thing you know they'll start getting civilized.

And once that happens to any considerable extent, what's left for Jersey City?

Mailbag; No Thanks:

> Dear Mr. Ciardi:
> I am writing to ask if you will answer an inquiry I have on the subject of poetry.
> At the present, I am a student at . . . . . College in Philadelphia and am cur-

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rently engaged in the preparation of a term paper entitled, "A Better Understanding of Poetry."
While doing research, I read many outstanding articles written by you on various aspects of poetry. In connection with my paper, I would like to ask if you would let me have the benefit of your thoughts as to what you consider to be the most important element of a poem and why.
Thank you for your consideration. Whatever comment or opinion you may give will be most helpful.
A stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for your convenience in replying.

Sincerely yours,
S.E.M.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear S.E.M.:
To ask a question that cannot be answered is only injudicious. To ask me to do your homework for you is indecently presumptuous. If you really have read all those reputedly outstanding articles, you should, in any case, be able to guess what I would be likely to say, were I to put a week or two at your disposal.

Yours sincerely,

Dear Dr. Ciardi:
In your article "Poets and Prizes," *College English*, XII (December 1950), you are stating that there is no committee that would choose a poet for an award on an objective basis. [I most certainly did not.] When a committee is ". . . voting for A as the best, one must *ipso facto* vote against all others."
What then is the best way to choose a person for an award and not to vote against others?

Sincerely yours,
M.K.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Mr. K.:
Nothing could be simpler. Boil all the candidates into a mush. Homogenize and fortify the stuff. Divide into identical portions untouched by human hands. Wrap in easy-to-open individual servings, and pass those out to the class.
The process is called democratic education.

Yours sincerely,

Dear John Ciardi:
I read your poems about the Medici's and the Borgia's [*SR*, Jan. 29]. I suppose they are all very clever and very intellectual but when will you modern poets return to writing about simple things that appeal to the heart?

Yours sadly,
Mrs. E.G.J.

Alexandria, Va.

Dear Mrs. J.:
Whose heart?

Yours sincerely,
—John Ciardi.

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Saturday Review
April 23, 1966

Five Years with the Peace Corps

The first Director of the Peace Corps, on leaving for fulltime administration of the War on Poverty, recalls the challenges and rewards of his service.

By SARGENT SHRIVER

THROUGH MOST of March 1961, everything about the brand-new Peace Corps was front-page news throughout the country, including this, which appeared in the *New York Times*: "Mr. Shriver said that members would be paid no salary, but would get allowances. . . ."

That day's *Times* had barely been tossed from the trucks when I got a call from the White House. "What is this about no salary?" President Kennedy wanted to know. "What are you talking about?" I hastily explained that I had been referring only to the Volunteers and not to the Peace Corps staff.

On the previous November 2 in San Francisco's Cow Palace, presidential candidate John F. Kennedy had publicly proposed that America send "volunteers" of a "Peace Corps" to the developing nations of the world. I had since given a lot of thought to what was involved in the concept of "volunteers." It seemed fundamental to me that "volunteers" should *not* be paid salaries.

Now, five years later, the words "Peace Corps Volunteer" sound as natural as a three-note chord. They go together, describing something which has won a rightful, almost revered, place in American life.

From the start, I found that each of these words—considered separately—expressed concepts that had the profoundest significance for me. This significance was underscored during the weeks in which I had to battle to keep the name "Peace Corps." Many experts said: "You can't use the word 'peace.' You'll sound corny—or Communist. The Russians have taken over that word and even corrupted it in the eyes of the world. And as for 'corps'—what does that bring to mind? Rommel's tanks rumbling over the sands of Libya. Both words are wrong and together they are a calamity."

Those were hectic and exciting days, February and March of 1961. They were the months when the Peace Corps was first hammered together in all-night discussion sessions. I would remember them with nostalgia if the Office of Economic Opportunity left me any time for nostalgia. The pressure was intense. I was convinced that we had no time to lose, that we had to get the Peace Corps organized, get it going, bring our first Volunteers into training that very summer—or we could very likely forget the whole thing. If we had missed that first deadline, the summer of 1961, we would have been delayed a full year until another summer left campuses free for large-scale training. A year's delay might well have proved fatal to a baby whose birth was being celebrated with hoots of derision.

President Kennedy, too, was sharply aware of the need for action. He had summoned me to Washington with a telephone call, asking me to get the Peace Corps into a condition in which he could pronounce it alive. I worked at it with a lot of very dedicated and brilliant assistance. I don't want to exaggerate the difficulties we faced except to point out that while the Peace Corps had some precedents—in missionary work and various kinds of voluntary assistance overseas—it was still fundamentally new. It was fundamentally new that government should be doing such a thing and on the scale that we were going to attempt it. With the help we were able to attract to the cause, men with experience in other international programs, we started charting an unknown terrain. Many of the solutions we found to our problems now seem obvious. They weren't at all obvious when we started.

For instance, I used to wake up in

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—*Paul Conklin.*

Sargent Shriver talks to school children in Turkey during overseas tour.

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Western Man at His Best

WHEN the Peace Corps first was proposed it was ridiculed in such terms as "Kennedy's Kiddie Korps" and the "Second Children's Crusade." At the same time historian Arnold Toynbee predicted, "I believe that in the Peace Corps the non-western majority of mankind is going to meet a sample of Western Man at his best."

Time has eloquently substantiated Toynbee, for in its first five years the Peace Corps has made an impact beyond the expectations of many early supporters. In numbers alone its record is impressive: nearly 12,000 Volunteers now are at work in forty-six nations of Africa, Asia, and Latin America. Another 1,500 Volunteers are training for service overseas. By 1970, nearly 50,000 Americans will have served in and returned from Peace Corps assignments.

In more than 100,000,000 hours spent in the field Volunteers have had personal contact with some 1,300,000 students—many of whom otherwise would have had no teacher. In Colombia seventy Peace Corps Volunteers operate an educational TV program involving 7,000 teachers; it reaches 435,000 primary school children every day. The Peace Corps has expanded steadily: Volunteers in service exceeded 5,000 in 1963 and 10,000 in 1964. But demand always has exceeded supply, and to date requests from twenty countries remain unfilled.

Latin America has the largest representation of Volunteers—3,699. Of these 655 are in Brazil. Other large Peace Corps contingents include 770 Volunteers in India and 760 in Nigeria. Nearly 300 vocational skills are represented, including architects, fishermen, dentists, city planners, bricklayers, civil engineers, medical technologists, stenographers, pharmacists, zoology teachers, and plumbers. Volunteers' average age is twenty-four years, but 100 Volunteers are more than fifty years old and another 100 are past age sixty. The oldest Volunteer, Eva Vinton, who is seventy-four, is a teacher in Ethiopia.

What have they accomplished?

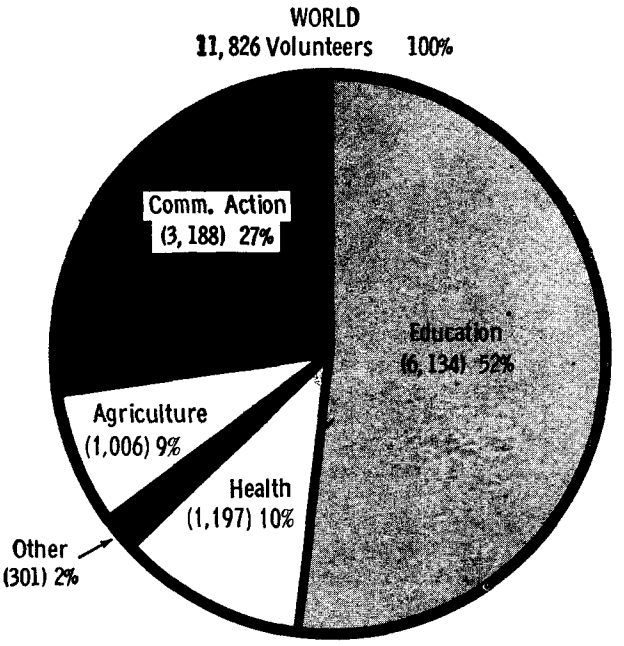
Tangible results of their work are all about. In Tunisia, for instance, forty Peace Corps architects and city planners have designed new schools, youth centers, low-cost housing units, and municipal buildings. In Chile, a credit-union movement fostered by Peace Corps Volunteers is reported by one observer to be "blooming like wildflowers," making available moderate-interest loans in many areas for the first time. No country in which Volunteers have served is without such visible change.

Necessarily, however, many results are intangible. About half of all Volunteers teach—a stream whose currents never can be measured. In six nations in Africa alone more than half of all high school teachers with college degrees are Peace Corps Volunteers. One-third of Nigeria's students—50,000 a year—are taught by Volunteers, and in Malawi, secondary school enrollment has been tripled since arrival of the first Volunteers. Clearly no activity is more fundamental to nation-building.

Goodwill created by the Peace Corps in some countries is almost beyond price. At the height of the Dominican crisis, for instance, Peace Corps Volunteers were the only persons who could circulate freely between sides. Noteworthy, too, is the Corps' having inspired thirty nations in Europe, Latin America, Asia, and Africa to create their own international or voluntary service agencies modeled after the Peace Corps.

Nor do the effects end there. The Peace Corps training program, which encompasses fifty-seven languages, has resulted in compilation of heretofore unavailable teaching manuals. And among other unforgettable phenomena has been the effect of Peace Corps service on Volunteers themselves—a broadening and deepening which cannot help influencing national life for years to come. This growth is apparent in writings such as these:

From Volunteer Hayward Allen in Ethiopia—"Our original excitement and enthusiasm have been somewhat tempered by a year here. We have come to realize that change comes so slowly that progress, if it comes at all, seems imperceptible. The eagerness is replaced by colder ways of looking at the world, and the youthful vigor and idealism become hardened with a day-to-day job."



Activity categories of Peace Corps Volunteers. More than half of them teach, half of these for the first time.

From Patricia MacDermot in the Philippines—"You cannot imagine the gulf between East and West, and it makes me laugh now to think that I expected to bridge it with a smile and a handshake."

From David Roseborough in Malaysia—"This is probably the most beautiful place on earth. . . . But after you've been here awhile you find something much more beautiful than rice paddies and groves of rubber trees. . . . It is a very basic joy with life that I wish I could take back and inject into America."

As a recent report by Cornell University anthropologists noted, there have been failures. On the whole, however, in view of its limited resources and the magnitude of its challenges, the Peace Corps' record in its first five years has been not only gratifying but historic.

—ALFRED BALK.

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PEACE CORPS AROUND THE WORLD

—Photos by Paul Conklin.

Colombia—Jack Ward (with glasses) and Gene Roberts join in a game with the children of a nearby school.

El Salvador—Beva Fegley of Berthold, N.D., shows 4-H Club how to make fruit salad, in effort to improve diet.

Costa Rica—Suzanne Holtzman of Philadelphia teaches English in Sabalito, a coffee-growing village in the South.

Bolivia—Pricilla Bauguess on her way to a house call in Corioco, in the Andes, talks with a mother about her boy.

Tunisia—Sandra Ketner of Kansas City, Kan., works at baby clinic, where most of her time is spent in giving inoculations.

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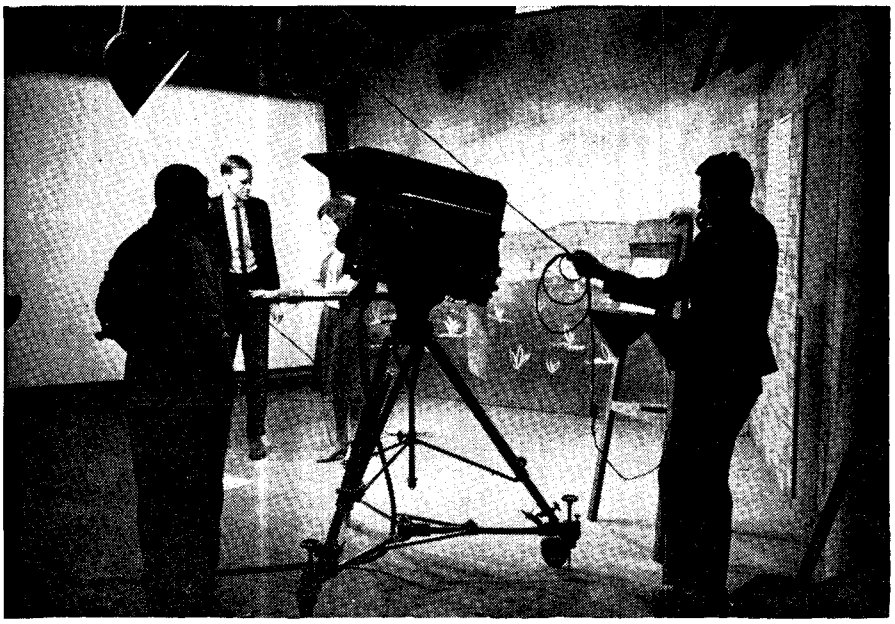
PEACE CORPS Volunteers now serve in forty-six countries. More than half teach (though only 25 per cent ever had taught before); almost a third of the rest work in rural and urban community development projects. More than 17,000 Volunteers have gone abroad since the program began. In five years the average cost of placing a Volunteer in the field has been reduced from $9,074 to $7,832.

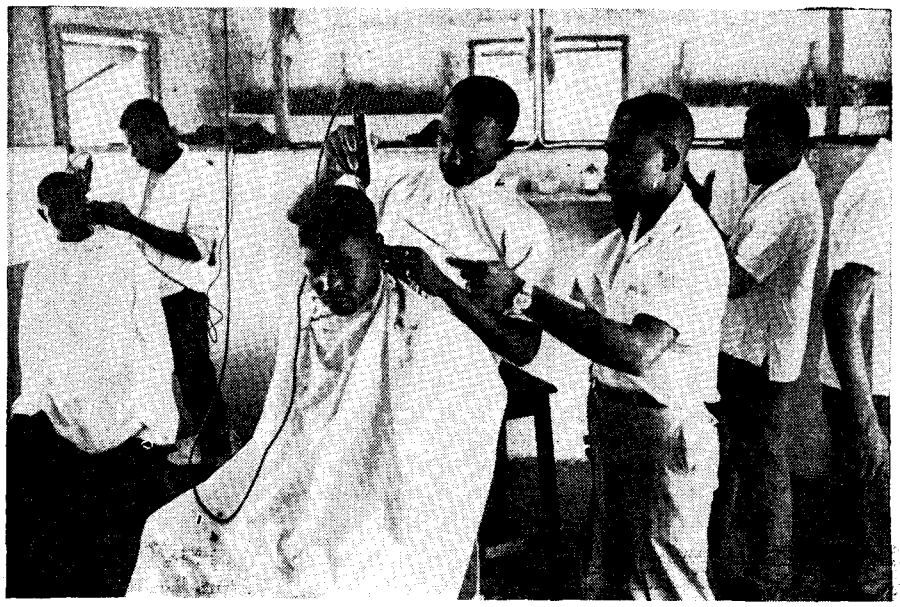
Tunisia—Stuart McKenzie of Grandview, Wash., lives at Ouled M'Hamed, an experimental farm on the Sahara's edge.

Afghanistan—Jill Rindelaub of Mankato, Minn., teaches English at a girls' high school in Kabul, the capital.



Colombia—Robin Sandefur (in suit) of Akron, Ohio, instructs "telemestra" (teacher-actress) how to conduct TV classes.

Jamaica—Oscar Williams of Boligee, Ala., teaches barbering, cobbling, and tailoring at camp for boys at Cobbla.



Sierra Leone—Mike Bradbury of New Milford, Conn., helps build first A-frame structure, a school, in that country.

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the middle of the night with the question tearing at me: How are we ever going to protect the health of Peace Corps Volunteers? This question seemed to have no ready answer. And yet, could we go to the parents of this nation and say to them, yes, we want your sons and daughters, and admit at the same time that for two years they would be overseas – many of them in primitive and remote towns and villages–with no medical assistance?

In retrospect, it seems only a lucky chance that someone mentioned to me that the Coast Guard has no medical service of its own. The Public Health Service takes care of the health of Coast Guardsmen.

I put in a call to Dr. Luther Terry, who as Surgeon-General of the United States was head of the Public Health Service. To my huge relief, Dr. Terry said, "Yes, we would like to take on the Peace Corps." To develop a Peace Corps health program, he sent Leo Gehrig to help us. Dr. Gehrig became the Peace Corps' first medical director. His knowledge, vision, and dedication to the idea of the Peace Corps enabled him to create a unique medical service keyed to Peace Corps ideals. The result? Peace Corps Volunteers have been healthier than a corresponding sample of stay-at-homes! It is brilliant testimony to the performance of the Public Health Service, and no one at Peace Corps was surprised when Leo Gehrig zoomed up the hierarchial ladder to his new post–Deputy Surgeon-General, number two man in the Public Health Service.

Health was one problem; there were many more. We struggled with them around the clock–in my room at the Mayflower Hotel, over dinner at Harvey's Restaurant, late at night at someone's house. Volunteer living allowances –how high should they be in an Indian village, in Rio de Janeiro, in the Andean Altiplano, in Tegucigalpa versus a Gabonese school? Should the Peace Corps administer its own programs or should it be a contracting agency, handing programs over to universities and private agencies? How big should the Peace Corps be? Should it shoot for a ceiling of 500 Volunteers? 5,000? 50,000? Should older people be allowed to volunteer? Should married couples be allowed to go? Would they be able to take their children? What skills would be in demand in developing nations? Would we be able to supply them? How long should the term of service be? Should Peace Corps service substitute for the draft?

We debated these questions, sometimes even wrangled our way through them. The pressure from the White House was continuous. In mid-February, President Kennedy wanted to know what was holding us up. A week later he called again and suggested that I get going, that he wanted to announce the program. We agreed that I would have it ready for him on March 1, and the typists were at work right to the deadline. He looked at what we had prepared and acted without delay. On March 1, 1961, he brought the Peace Corps into existence by Executive Order.

The job of organizing the Peace Corps went right on. The presidential order brought us office space. It also set off a rain of "volunteer workers" who flooded our small headquarters and announced they were there to help whether we paid them anything or not. We didn't have desks for all of them. Many of them just settled on the floor where they tackled the cascade of mail which the Presidential order also had brought us. This was probably against the rules, or so I was told. But the urgency on us to cut through red tape had us breaking rules all over the place. I remember stepping over the bodies of our volunteer workers one day on my way to the water fountain. There, I bumped into Jack Young, an experienced and able government expert who was helping us set up our management procedures. "Congratulations," Young said to me. "You broke only fourteen laws today." Then he added with a laugh, "Don't worry. We'll fix it up."

The sixteen-hour days still failed to wipe out the feeling that we were all battling with ghosts. I didn't get over it until June, when I went to Rutgers University and took a look at my first prospective Peace Corps Volunteers. These were sixty young men, trainees bound for Colombia, where they would man the Peace Corps' first community development program. I had expected they would be what they were–smart, articulate, impressive. At the same time, I was hugely relieved to find my expectations satisfied.

Long before this visit, before March was over in fact, I had some fairly clear ideas as to what this new organization was all about. I found that my ideas already centered on the three words, "Peace Corps Volunteer." The three concepts which these words represent were separate, yet at the same time intermixed. Lumped together, they produced a third concept, the Peace Corps Volunteer, a new breed of overseas American, someone with the best in the American character doing the world's work in the world's farthest corners–not for dollars, not for glory, not for nationalistic or imperialistic purposes, but for man.

What would the Peace Corps have been like if we had paid a "reasonable salary" to its participants? What would it have accomplished if its shining goals had been attempted by regular employees working under contracts? This is a difficult question to answer. The Teachers for East Africa program was successful using salaried teachers working under AID. This program, however, was developed around the time the Peace Corps was born and was deeply influenced by the Peace Corps idea. More to the point was the total collapse of a teaching program in West Africa with the homeward departure of most of the salaried teachers, all this just before Peace Corps ideas became current. Cases such as that made a deep impression on me. They convinced me that the pearl at the heart of the Peace Corps effort was going to be the most elusive of all things –spirit. President Kennedy had never

(*Continued on page 54*)

—*UPI.*

Sargent Shriver (left) and his successor as Peace Corps director Jack Hood Vaughn.

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On English and American Poetry

By STEPHEN SPENDER

MODERN POETRY—in the English language—might almost be called an American invention. Notoriously, it was Pound and Eliot who, before the first World War, showed how English poetry could be modernized, and the Georgian English poets refuted, by taking lessons from sophisticated strategically minded French poets—Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Laforgue—who had trained their sensibilities to write the poetry of the modern city (essentially the poetry of "ugliness" as against the poeticisms of "beauty").

They showed that the tradition was not so much a road that meandered from the past and unreflectingly extended into the present, as an arsenal to be employed by modern poets who sought in it old weapons that might be appropriately converted to the most advanced uses. Chaucer, for example, with his matter-of-fact tough straightforwardness, his willingness to name everything and make poetry of it, was perhaps more useful than Shakespeare with his hyperboles. Donne's ability to twist complex ideas like wrought iron into shapes imposed by his fantastic imagination showed the modern poet the way to analyze the confusing complexes of contemporary living. Above all, the Americans taught the importance of going back to the primary unit of poetry, the single word or image, and building anew on this, without being beguiled by old tunes and measures.

All the same, a question has been raised recently by younger English poets and critics. That is whether the disruption of the English continuity caused by American poets and critics who were primarily concerned with American needs and who became expatriates has not led to the Americanization of English poetry. Without this interruption perhaps English poetry might have developed along quite different lines. The election of Edmund Blunden, a Georgian poet—supported by Robert Graves—to be Oxford professor of poetry against the candidature of Robert Lowell, dramatizes this question (though probably if the young had been allowed to vote, they would have chosen Mr. Lowell).

At any rate, with the increasing pressure of American influences on English poets, and with many English poets working in American universities, it seems likely that the English are going to have to ask themselves ever more urgently—is there an English modern poetry independent of the American? Just as it has seemed to Americans right up to the present day that the English example was debilitating to what ought to be an independent and original native American poetry, so tomorrow English poets are going to consider whether English poetry is not becoming a minor branch of American literature.

Traditionally, English poetry tends toward what Goethe called "an innocent sleep-walking development." It is true that early in the present century the Georgian poets had become too homey, dreamy, tweedy, and pastoral for an England that, after all, was dominated by London. Nevertheless, the war did wake up some of the poets. Poems written between 1914 and 1918 by Wilfred Owen, Robert Graves, and Siegfried Sassoon show how the personally felt, romantic line extending from Keats to Walter de la Mare could be turned to bitter effect, as it is in Wilfred Owen's poetry of the Western Front:

> Red lips are not so red
> As the stained stones kissed
> by the English dead.

How different from Ezra Pound:

> There died a myriad,
> And of the best, among them,
> For an old bitch gone in the teeth,
> For a botched civilization.

Wilfred Owen and Edward Thomas, the two war poets most in the English tradition, were killed in the war, which perhaps more than any other cause made a break in the development of English poetry. For in fact nothing much happened in poetry as written by the native English (the Americans forged ahead during the 1920s) until the very end of the decade when Auden appeared, much influenced in his early work by Eliot and a bit later by Laura Riding; but influenced also by Owen and Edward Thomas. Graves is therefore the one English poet who (although living abroad in Majorca), having begun very much as a Georgian, maintained a continuity of the English tradition in his poetry. This remains true despite his excursions and digressions into abstract philosophic poetry when he was much influenced by Laura Riding; and despite his theoretic writings about the White Goddess which form a projective system for providing his poems with images, myths, and a *raison d'être* (falling in love with white goddesses)—not unlike Yeats's justifying systematization, *A Vision* (little though Graves would be pleased at the drawing of this parallel).

What is most English about Graves is an honesty; not just like that of Auden, of disciplining the statements in his poetry by standards of what he believes to be objective truth, but the sense he gives of proving his statements by the test of his experienced feelings in actual living. Again and again in his lines the literal event seems to coincide with the poetic one:

> When she came suddenly in
> It seemed the door could never
> close again,
> Nor even did she close it—she, she—
> The room lay open to a visiting sea
> That no door could restrain.

It is not just the occasion or the subject, but language, form, and rhythm which are exactly cut to the measure of the felt experience that provide a standard of poetic honesty. When Graves is being much less personal, didactic even, there is the honest authenticity of language experienced with the blood in his writing. With this there also goes his implied criticism of poets who make large general statements about civilization, philosophy, and so on without their having arisen from the poets' literal experiences. A combatant in the First World War, Graves perhaps regards the true poet's life as a commitment, like fighting, and he resents noncombatants like Vergil, Eliot, and Yeats.

IT seems true to the English line of Raleigh, Wyatt, and Donne that the poetry should be very close to a literal experience, like that of a soldier writing a letter home to a fellow poet who is perhaps a courtier—at any rate, a gentleman. Even a poet as close to the English countryman manner as Frost never quite attains this identity of the poet and the active man. There is a veil of sententiousness, of awareness of a private role played out in public, between the poetry and the reader even in lines like "Something there is that doesn't love a wall." Robert Frost never quite stops playing the role of Robert Frost, and in his poetry there is a subtle interplay between personality and impersonality, public and private, "vocation" and "avocation."

Of all the English poets who have made reputations since the war Philip Larkin is the one who sticks most closely to being English, and most resists "Americanization." He has developed more than any poet since Edward Thomas the peculiarly intimate English quality of personal, private witness. In the anec-

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dotal poem *Dockery and Son*, the Dean of the Oxford College, where the poet was educated, mentions to the poet, visiting the college years after he has graduated down, that a contemporary of his, Dockery, has a son now at the college. Going home in the train, the poet meditates on his own unmarried, childless state:

> To have no son, no wife,
> No house or land still seem
> quite natural.
> Only a numbness registered the
> shock
> Of finding out how much had gone
> of life,
> How widely from the others.
> Dockery now:
> Only nineteen, he must have taken
> stock
> Of what he wanted and been
> capable of
> Of . . . No, that's not the difference:
> rather, how
> Convinced he was he should be
> added to!
> Why did he think adding meant
> increase?
> To me it was dilution. Where do
> these
> Innate assumptions come from?
> Not from what
> We think truest, or most want to do:
> Those warp tight-shut, like doors.

Robert Frost related in one of his letters that to get his idiom right he listened to conversation going on in the next room, beyond a half-open door. Admirable exercise; but one feels the difference here, that Philip Larkin does not listen through a door, he simply has his own voice. To that degree one measures the gap between the public and responsible voice speaking both for himself and for others; the voice that complains bitterly if it cannot "communicate"—of the American poet, and the more private English voice, not speaking exactly to himself but not caring a damn whether anyone overhears.

All the same, though one would not wish that Larkin wrote in any other way, the goals he sets for his poetry seem, in modern circumstances, limited. One wonders, too, whether they do not indicate a range narrower than the American, which marks today the confines of strictly English poetry. In a note written for the *Poetry Book Society Bulletin*, which he wrote when one of his books was their selection, Larkin said:

> Some years ago I came to the conclusion that to write a poem was to construct a verbal device that would preserve an experience indefinitely by reproducing it in whoever read the poem. As a working definition, this satisfied me sufficiently to enable individual poems to be written. Insofar as it suggested that all one had to do was pick an experience and preserve it, however, it was much over-simplified. Nowadays nobody believes in "poetic" subjects, any more than they believe in "poetic" diction. The longer one goes on, though, the more one feels that some subjects *are* more poetic than others . . .

This treats the poem simply as a transference of a less or a more (it seems to have become recently a more) poetic experience from the poet to the reader. It has the ring of Gravesian honesty, but I think American poets and readers would feel that poems have to do more than this. They do not just "transfer," they "communicate" and to communicate they have to "say" something. Characteristically Larkin talks disparagingly of the "myth-kitty" that some poets draw from. But American poets take it for granted that writing poetry is a "strategy" requiring all sorts of devices, a pointed technique, which communicates consciousness of technique to the alert reader; irony, deployment of "influences," and so on. All this is part of the idea of "communication" that seems more obsessive with Americans than with the English.

AUDEN once observed that every American poet feels himself to be writing the whole of poetry from the beginning, for the first time. This means that the American poet at once feels extremely isolated and extremely responsible. Extremely isolated, in that he has to invent everything for himself, as though there were no "community" of poetry; but responsible also, because he has the sense that what he invents ought to be available and useful to others. That Eliot and Pound both felt the isolation and the responsibility is self-evident; and Frost, just as isolated, was just as willing to teach his methods and practice. In the context of American modern poetry there is nothing surprising in the idea that creativeness can be taught. But the English poet still instinctively trusts to his own taste and to habits of composition handed down to him. What else does the phrase "poets are born but not made" mean than that writing poetry involves organizing techniques and habits acquired almost instinctively? Yet early in the present century the English poetic, unconsidering, lazy nonchalance proved inadequate to writing in the modern world; hence the great influence of the American poets.

There are signs, though, that some English poets are beginning to feel that it is more difficult and baffling for them to write American poetry than was thought earlier, when American poets like Pound and Eliot seemed almost English; and that there may be some point in developing the independent English poetic line. Similarly, American poets are today very aware of themselves as American, and of English poetry as something left behind. In fact, writers on both sides of the Atlantic are becoming increasingly conscious of the difference between attitudes. The difference is largely the result of different circumstances.

American poets are, as I remarked above, comparatively isolated in America. Often they regard this with extreme bitterness. The bitterness comes not just out of the isolation but out of an American conception of democracy that makes the exceptional person resent that he is an exception. Only by this assumption can I understand the extraordinary resentment exemplified in Randall Jarrell's savagely brilliant essay on the obscurity of poetry (he turns it into an attack on the obscure position of the poet in American society). An American élite, even when aware of itself as an élite, seems to want the democracy to recognize its value, perhaps become its equal. Or perhaps American poets, even when they are recognized, do not get over the original sense of the isolation that is usually experienced during their upbringing.

It is difficult for an English poet to understand that so many American poets seem to think of being a poet as the tragic vocation of a hero doomed to neglect, even when he plays out the drama of his being misunderstood before large university audiences. (Jarrell's essay was originally a lecture—which I happened to hear myself—given at Harvard before an audience of several hundreds.) The European poet takes it for granted that his relation with his public will be what Rilke called "a sum of misunderstandings." But the death of Jarrell and of Roethke, the recurrent breakdowns of Robert Lowell and John Berryman, the fury of a poet as gifted as Shapiro at his colleagues who still write formal verse—all seem directly or indirectly the result of the extremely unhappy relationship of the American poet with an American public.

But of course the most important difference between American and English poetry is that the languages are both the same and different, with the difference increasing every day. If American poetry were as idiomatic and colloquial as Americans sometimes claim it to be, the difference would be even more noticeable. But despite their modern idiom, the leading American poets in the present century have continued to write in a language based largely on printed English poetry, ancient and modern—much as Hollywood actors speak a kind of mid-Atlantic American-English. It would never occur to me that I might be able to write American dialogue in a novel. But in writing a poem that is going to

(*Continued on page* 52)

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The Book of Job

By KENNETH REXROTH

OF ALL the Hebrew Scriptures, the *Book of Job* is most provocative of meditation. It is concerned with the fundamental confrontation, the ultimate mystery of man's existence, the irreconcilability of absolute and contingent in the natural order. Why does evil exist? Whether God exists or not, there is still the inexplicable waste of value in the world of facts. The law of the conservation of energy may be substantiated by experiment, but there is no demonstrable principle of the conservation of good. From this mystery all the other dilemmas of the moral life depend. What is the meaning of Auschwitz, or the pains and betrayals of the most commonplace life? Was Dostoevsky's character right? "It's all not worth the tears of one child. I respectfully hand Him back my ticket."

This is the subject of the dramatic poem of Job. There is nothing specifically Jewish about it, and an ancient Talmudic tradition says it was written in another language. Job and his friends are not Jews but what we would call Bedouins. Their conflicting wisdoms were learned from the mystery of the desert, the cruelty of nature, the impassivity of the constellations. Like most of the wisdom literature of the *Bible*, the *Book of Job* is the product of an international literary élite, the reflection of the highly developed sensibility and intellectual life of empires that stretched from the Crimea to the Indus and the cataracts of the Nile. Yet, like *The Iliad*, it is a careful reconstruction of a world five hundred or more years gone. Job is a patriarchal herdsman, like Abraham, and there are no ideas in the book that might not have occurred to primitive man as philosopher. The form, a *flyting*, *tenzone*, disputation, is found in all the literatures of the Ancient Near East, as is the subject, the suffering of the just and innocent.

Gregory the Great founded the medieval tradition of treating *Job* as a Christian prophecy and Catholic doctrine and rite. Before him Origen, philosophically more sophisticated, had said that since the being of God is by definition incomprehensible, so necessarily his justice is incomprehensible. This extraordinary *non sequitur* would come down through Duns Scotus to Luther to Kierkegaard, and be secularized in our own day by the Existentialists. In its final atheistic form, it is the philosophic obsession of the mid-twentieth century. We no longer ask if existence has meaning but, "Does meaning exist?"

The evils that afflict Job are purely physical and negative—deprivations, pains, and destructions. In life he never meets with positive, active moral evil, wrong done consciously in full will by person to person. The question debated by Job and his friends is not whether natural disasters are unmerited. They are aware that they do not occur in a context where merit has meaning, unless they emanate from the will of a person. The entire debate assumes that they do, that the Creator is a person with personal knowledge of the consequences, omniscient as well as omnipotent. If the creative principle of the universe is a person, why is not the destruction and waste of good in time just as malevolent as any interpersonal evil? In the dialogue God is called *Shaddai*, the utterly self-sufficient power.

Job's friends are like the liberal clergy of so short a time ago. They believe that creation is demonstrably conservative of good, that justice eventually triumphs, and the good man reaps his reward. They deny evil as such. In one way or other they argue that the evils of the world are really goods, they are privative, educative, disciplinary, deserved, misunderstood, illusory, but never gratuitous, much less malevolent. The poet underlines every speech of the "comforters" with irony like the mounting bass notes of an organ.

Job answers simply, "I have been just and harmless in heart and deed, and I have suffered harm and injustice from the course of events." Finally he swears an oath, he stakes his integrity as a person on his innocence. Then the Almighty answers as a Voice from the Whirlwind. He answers the oath, the commitment, not the arguments. He begins with a rebuke, "Who is this that darkens counsel by words without wisdom?" and ends with another, this one to Eliphaz, "My wrath is kindled against you and your friends, for you have not spoken of me what is right. . . ." The Voice from the Whirlwind says that both Job's defense of himself and his friends' defense of the Almighty are foolishness, but offers no explanation, only simple confrontation, omnipotence to contingency. The speech of the Almighty, one of the very greatest poems in all literature, is a parade of power, devoid of moral content, but intolerably charged with the *tremendum*, the awe and judgment of the utterly other.

There could be no greater tribute to the power of the unknown author than that readers in future ages would seldom interpret this great speech as saying that the creative principle of the universe is not simply "amoral," that comforting dodge, but positively immoral by any human standards. What is the difference between the game between Jehovah and Satan with their pawn, the soul of Job, and the games the rotted aristocrats play with the innocent in *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* or the experiments of Dostoevsky's Stavrogin? This is the final question, and in it the friends of Job tumble, lost in an abyss.

The Voice in the Whirlwind is a person speaking to a person, and so, looking back from the point attained by the wisdom of Job, is the Voice on Sinai; the *Torah* is transformed from a legal document to speech, "I am the Lord thy God. . . ." It is remarkable that dialogue in the *Bible* is brief and preëmptory and rare—Abraham, Amos, Moses, Isaiah, Jeremiah—less than a hundred verses altogether, of command and submission, and even dialogue between man and man is almost as scarce—until we come to Job. Suddenly dialogue is imported from the wisdom literature of the ancient Orient and placed at the center of Jewish religion.

The acceptance of the incomprehensibility of the justice of God is not a rational act, it is an act of prayer, of communion. Job's final words are a prayer of humble access, a voicing of the breakdown of logic and evaluation in an abiding state of calm ecstasy. The *Book of Job* makes sense only as a vehicle for contemplation, for the deepest kind of prayer, which culminates in the assumption of unlimited liability, what the Byzantines and Russians loved to call the divinization of man.

The upholder of the universe takes Job into communion with himself, with the awesomeness of infinite process. Job no longer needs vindication. The word becomes meaningless, a vanished shadow lost in the terrible illumination of a tragic sense of being, beyond the natural and temporal order altogether.

The best way to read *The Book of Job* is in one of the pocket editions of the *King James Version* with William Blake's illustrations—if you are lucky enough to find one. I believe there are none now in print. The best way to study it is in the *Anchor Bible* volume by Marvin Pope.

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Saturday Review

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Russian Roulette in the Classroom

UNTIL very recently, students were not subject to military call. A new change in the regulations, however, makes grades a determining factor in the draft. Thus the United States is tying national policy to what is perhaps the weakest and certainly the most easily abused feature of American education.

Even before the change in regulations, inequities and inconsistencies of administration of the draft produced widespread dissatisfaction. Students saw the draft not in the context of peacetime military training but in the context of a rough, tough war in Vietnam, the issues of which were ripping colleges apart in white hot debate. Vietnam, moreover, emptied the draft of all peacetime niceties. Now that school marks figure in the call for military service, a fast-growing storm is building on the nation's campuses.

Understandably so. There is a natural conflict between marks and the basic purposes of education, especially on the college and university level. In fact, grades run counter to the most important lesson a teacher can impart; namely, that respect for learning and not high grades is what education is all about. A school can consider itself successful not when a student attains top marks but when he begins to develop the mysterious and intricate capacity for conceptual thought. Obviously, the fact of a high grade doesn't necessarily mean that conceptual thought has been defeated. But *emphasis* on high marks serves to create an atmosphere in which the infinite possibilities of learning are obscured and sometimes blocked. The student tends to veer away from the bypaths of knowledge and from the voluntary quest for vital interrelationships of learning that come from unrequired reading and lonely thought. When top grades become the summit of education, the school falls to the bottom of its possibilities.

AND now it is officially decreed that good grades are required for draft deferral. The effect is to make military service a form of banishment. The government is thus in the bizarre position of anathematizing the very activity it considers essential to its security and well-being. Under the circumstances, it should be no surprise if morale should sag. For the government has proclaimed in effect that its draftees are intellectually inferior and therefore fit for the fighting front rather than the classroom. The young men remaining in school have been encouraged to believe that they were smart enough to make good marks pay off.

The Great Grade Chase had gone far enough long before the United States government got into the act. At a time of exploding college enrollment, an obsession with high grades had begun to permeate the secondary school population and everyone directly or indirectly connected with it. Pressure on students in some places had taken on the aspect of an anxiety neurosis. Fortunately, a number of colleges were less concerned about grades than about other evidence of aptitude and worthiness—intellectual curiosity, rounded interests, leadership ability, good citizenship, creative potentiality. But there are not enough of such far-seeing colleges. Most admission-office policies are still dominated by emphasis on grades. The result has been a distortion of educational values, spilling over into areas far beyond the classroom.

Obviously, the school must have some basis for appraising scholastic performance. This can be done with a reasonable degree of effectiveness on a non-grading and general basis, with the emphasis more on guidance than on reward or punishment. But even such an advisory system is not strong enough to sustain the weight of helping to decide who goes to war, carrying with it as it does the implication of a possibly fatal choice.

ALMOST every shocking event in education in recent years has been tied in one way or another to grades or grading systems. Scarcely a semester passes without front-page accounts of wholesale cheating scandals, or of high marks being bought and sold, or of faculty members doing what is expected of them by giving passing grades to professional athletes masquerading as students. Only this month, the United States Naval Academy admitted that grades of failing students had been doctored in order to get more officers into the field.

The teacher doesn't exist and the computer has yet to be devised that can peer deeply enough into the mind of every student to calibrate precisely what is happening to him in the process of learning. To be sure, some teachers can make a reasonably good guess; but when the determination involves which youngsters are to go off to fight in Vietnam or elsewhere and which youngsters are to be allowed to continue their education without interruption, even the best guesswork isn't good enough. No self-respecting teacher will welcome this kind of power. The danger is not that the teacher will shade grades one way or the other to favor or punish. The danger is that an external consideration inexorably now hangs over the educational process. It converts the report card into a scorecard for Russian roulette.

It is difficult to see how the government can justify putting teachers on this kind of spot, any more than it can justify using so variable and random an index as scholastic grades to select its soldiers. Everything considered, it would not be surprising to find teachers digging in against the new rulings and protecting the integrity of their profession by dispensing altogether with ratings in favor of evaluative advice to students, or even by giving out good grades to all on the theory that teachers cannot be expected to do the work of draft boards.

The new draft regulations are helping to reduce to an absurdity the role of marks in the making of an educated man. They may, however, accomplish a useful purpose if they bring about a full re-examination of what education is for and how it functions. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Categorical Negative

THEODORE SORENSEN's editorial "The Rate of Dissent," [*SR*, Apr. 2] is quite thoughtful except for one sentence, "They [dissenters] must be prepared to come forth with constructive alternatives." This is illogical.

If one has a pain in his tummy and the prescribed medication makes it worse, should he keep silent unless he can prescribe an alternative? Even so with our foreign policy.

Most dissenters agree on what should not be done: We should not devastate a land and kill its people wholesale, people "whose only crime," in the words of N.C.'s editorial of March 26, "has been their geography."

(MRS.) LUCILLE TOLL.
Long Beach, Calif.

THEODORE C. SORENSEN, in his editorial "The Rate of Dissent" [*SR*, Apr. 2], advised us to indulge dissent as a minority pressure tempering the majority direction. This sounds a bit patronizing to me. It's hard to explain to sincere advocates of change that they can continue shouting (but not too loud) because in the long run they will inadvertently serve history by gently pressing the democratic juggernaut back on the path of a more golden mean than it naturally travels. This presupposes that history is better served by preserving a sensible mean than by countenancing the occasional necessity for revolution. Those bitterly debating Founding Fathers Mr. Sorensen invokes might not support his history-by-conversation.

Agreeing to disagree may work in the context of universally accepted goals, but what many dissenters question today is the validity of both our goals and our methods. The motivation for commitment can never rest in less than a vision of truth and justice.

(MRS.) JEANNE S. BAGBY.
Bellmawr, N.J.

Our Debt to the Vietnamese

I READ WITH ANGUISH N.C.'s editorial "What Is Owing to the Vietnamese?" [*SR*, Mar. 26]. Why don't you admit that but for the American intervention and encouragement to the South Vietnamese regime to back out of the elections, Vietnam would now be a united neutral Communist country? That there is every reason to believe that an American withdrawal even now would result in a united Vietnam independent of Red China?

As an Indian I am painfully reminded of the typical colonial strategy of "divide and conquer," even though what the U.S. desires is ostensibly influence and not territory.

BUDDAH BAGAI.
Lafayette, Ind.

THE QUESTION, "What is Owing to the Vietnamese?" is quite to the point. In essence we owe the Vietnamese the same thing we owed the French and English in World War II—the right to be free from external

oppression. The difference between that situation and the present one is that the means of oppression have become more subtle and harder to detect, but they are none the less present.

Underlying this, we owe the Vietnamese a place to live as human beings. They have the right and duty to excercise authority over themselves. Just as every nation has the moral obligation not to interfere with the right of authority of another nation, it has an equal obligation to help other nations protect their right of authority. The mere absence of an effective international legal force to protect such rights does not lessen either of these moral obligations.

Your presentation of the issue was quite stimulating and left much room for thought. I'm sure I would enjoy seeing your solution in a future editorial.

JAMES BURTSCHI,
Marquette Law Student.
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Re Ciardi

I LOVE JOHN CIARDI so much *almost* every week that I can't stand it! When his column does not appear in an issue, I am disconsolate. But, since reading his views on the Painter case [*SR*, Mar. 26], I love him more than ever.

(MRS.) LOLA ALBRIGHT CHADNEY.
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

I DISLIKED John Ciardi's MANNER OF SPEAKING on the Iowa court and the Bannister-Painter case. I think Mr. Ciardi weakened his argument by splenetic indignation.

No child psychologist need tell me that Mark at five years of age formed the same kind of emotional attachment toward his grandparents that a dog forms toward its master; his emotion would naturally deepen over the next two years no matter how carefully the Bannisters propagated the image of Mr. Painter.

The court had a choice between clodgodly narrow-mindedness and arty narrow-mindedness. Also in the scales were Mark's preference—and his father's rights. Mark lost a home when he was five years old, and was within two years expected by his father to lose another. Was the father really thinking first of Mark's feelings, or was he giving priority to his own? Do I catch a whiff of outraged masculine egotism in all this fury over a father's rights? Dante and Bertrand de Born? I wonder what Solomon would have come up with?

(MRS.) THELMA F. HARVEY.
Hollywood, Calif.

Grand Canyon Threat

REMEMBERING *SR*'s excellent special section of October 23, "The Crisis in Water," and especially Wallace Stegner's article, "Myths of the Western Dam," I would like to call attention to the threat now hanging over the Grand Canyon.

In the next few weeks, Congress may be asked to approve the construction of dams at both ends of the Canyon, as a means of financing the Central Arizona Project (CAP). Central Arizona Project is needed but the dams are not.

Marble Gorge and Bridge Canyon dams, to be built by the Bureau of Reclamation, would not store water for dry Arizona. Their purpose is to make power to make money to finance the pumping of water from other parts of the state.

There is grave doubt that they would do this. Nevertheless, other possible means of financing the CAP are not even being considered. What about steam generating plants? What about pump storage? What about leasing of transmission line networks owned by the Bureau of Reclamation? What about selling water at cost in Arizona, instead of continuing to subsidize it?

Bridge Canyon Dam would be illegal. It would back water thirteen miles into the National Park, directly violating the National Parks Act of 1919. It would set a precedent for future violations of other parks.

The dams would not "flood Grand Canyon." High water points would be some 300 feet above the canyon floor, whereas the

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canyon is a mile deep. But they would effectively kill a 2-billion-year-old living river and stop its work. They would drown 164 miles of incomparable wilderness. They would flood geological and archaeological records 2 billion years old. Nothing can save Grand Canyon now but an aroused public.

(Mrs.) Joan Inman,
Grand Canyon Workshop,
Colorado Open Space,
Coordinating Council.

Denver, Colo.

In Defense of *Dr. Zhivago*

Having only recently seen the film, *Doctor Zhivago*, we would like to reply to Arthur Knight's insensitive review of it. [*SR*, Jan. 15]. His statement that the film is "filled with nostalgia for a vanished past and an utter distaste for the new order"—for which he gives as evidence Gromeko's quavering remark when he heard of the Czar's murder, "Oh, they shouldn't have done that!"—is patently untrue. Gromeko was commenting on the inhumanity of man to man, and Yuri himself replied to him: "It was necessary to show that there can be no turning back." This certainly is not nostalgia for the past.

Zhivago is "the sort of fellow," in Mr. Knight's words, "whom things happen to," and that, as Mr. Knight seems to have missed it, is the point of the film, as well as of the novel. As Pasternak himself wrote in the novel, Zhivago "was ready to sacrifice himself for the general good, and could do nothing." The film illustrated this beautifully.

Joyce Koehler,
Diane Anderson.

Rochester, N.Y.

The Negro Entertainer

I disagree very much with Robert Lewis Shayon's Radio and TV column of March 26 on the Negro entertainer. In *The Strollin' Twenties*, Harry Belafonte stated that the show did not intend to overlook the problems peculiar to the Negro in that time, but that their main point was to accentuate the light moments, the song and dance.

Mr. Shayon, when Negroes have been troubled most they found time for song. The plantation slaves expressed their feelings about their dilemma by singing spirituals. My mother found it comforting to hum softly to herself when troubled. I feel that the song Joe Williams sang after a long day at work told more about the Negro's emotions than any hour-long discussion ever could.

(Mrs.) Jule Johnson.

San Francisco, Calif.

When Mr. Shayon writes that Bill Cosby's intelligence agent could just as well be a white man, I wonder if this might not be because the white man has now affected the hip, relaxed, unique style of the Negro.

He writes that "it is desirable that Negroes contribute to the diversity of our culture." Doesn't he recognize that they have, of course, already done so? Our culture is, indeed, in a large part their culture.

And, thirdly, we seem to expect so much more from Negroes. Why shouldn't Negroes put on rotten TV shows?

Marjorie Ericsson.

Evanston, Ill.

"I am Charles the Simple. How do you do? My grandfather was Charles the Bald and my father was Charles the Fat. I am proud of my ancient lineage. I am Charles the Simple. How do you do?"

On Puritanism

Congratulations to Rollo May for his perceptive article "Antidotes for the New Puritanism" [*SR*, Mar. 26]. His indictment of the current "banalization of sex and love" in our society rings all too true.

Evidently, your advertisement department has not yet read this excellent article. Ten pages before Dr. May's article there appears an advertisement by the Hudson Book Club describing Henry Miller's latest, *Rosy Crucifixion*, as "Sexus is more mature, more highly dramatized, marked by exuberance, vitality, splendid writing, and a number of clinically precise descriptions of sex acts."

Fr. Marvin Bloss, O.F.M.,
Saint Joseph Seminary.

Teutopolis, Ill.

Editor's note: *The advertisement quoted from a review in "The Chicago Tribune." "Saturday Review" does not require that its advertisers conform to positions taken by writers in the magazine or by the editors.*

U.S. Information Service

I would like to stick my oar in and say how heartily I concur with Jerome Beatty, Jr.'s comment in Trade Winds about the U.S. Governments 'screwiest' move in closing down the U.S. Information Service Library in London [*SR*, Feb. 26].

It surely is most astonishing that out of America's vast spending program on space travel, social services, aid to underdeveloped countries, and education both at home and abroad, she should try to save a meager $50,000 a year on a department that is instrumental in fostering better understanding of the American way of life and its culture through its books and magazines.

Edward Allatt.

West Drayton,
Middlesex, England.

Government and Art

Katharine Kuh raised some interesting thoughts in her article "Enter Government, Exit Art" [*SR*, Apr. 2]. However, I think the moot question is not whether the government should have a say about what it finances but about the entire procedure of how the art is chosen. It seems obvious that there is a great deal of power politics at play to get this honor—which inherently makes the artists chosen important international figures. I think that at the moment the image of what is contemporary American art is controlled by a few directors of the larger museums and a few dealers of the most "in" galleries.

L. Rapp.

New Rochelle, N.Y.

Editor's note: *When we reproduced Frederic Church's "Rainy Season in the Tropics" on the cover of the April 2 issue we neglected to mention that the retrospective exhibition in which this painting is currently traveling was organized by the National Collection of Fine Arts of the Smithsonian Institution.*

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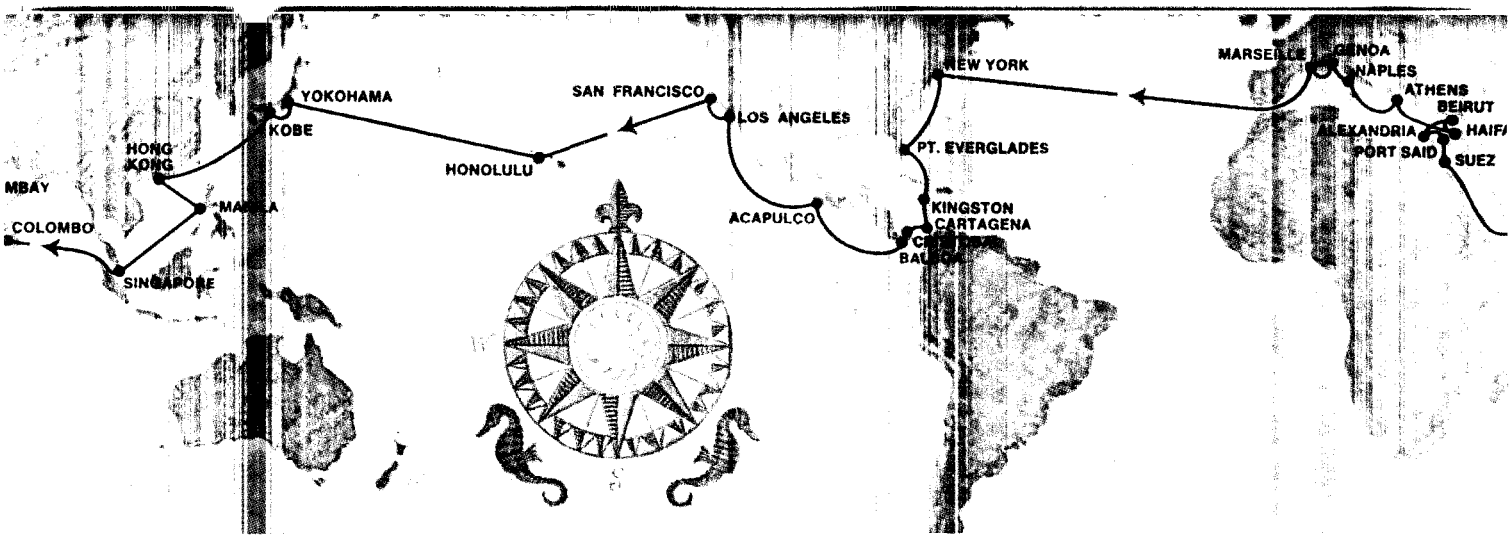

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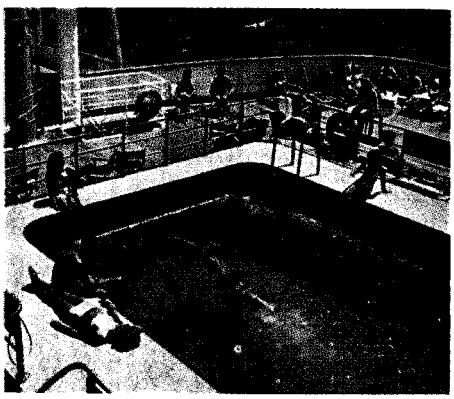

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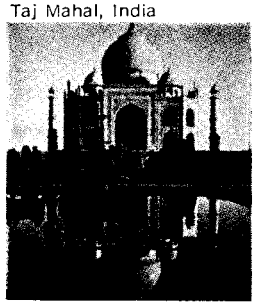
Taj Mahal, India



Bangkok dancer

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The Challenge of Linguistic Realism

A linguist's view of one of the most enduring dilemmas in drama and literature

By MARIO PEI

THIS IS THE ERA of Realism and Authenticitism, both spelled with capitals. Books, newspapers, magazines, radio, television, and films, along with all other branches of mass education, mass information and mass entertainment, are or seem to be vitally concerned with giving their readers and viewers impressions of authenticity and reality.

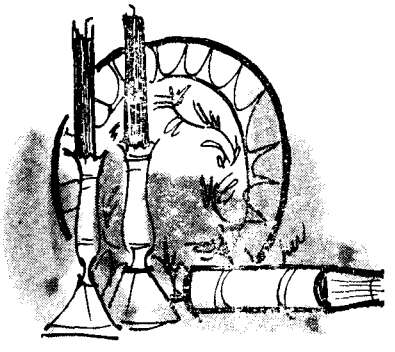
If a scene is to be depicted it must be portrayed as it would occur in real life. Conversational interchanges, factual or fictional, must be reported as they actually would take place, with all the errors and improprieties of lower-class speech with which we are instructed to familiarize ourselves. (One book on linguistics, aimed at elementary and high school teachers, urges them to learn the meaning of such phrases as "Cha doon?," which stands for "What are you doing?"; another extols the merits of "Wotchagonnado?"; a third says that "Them dogs is us'uns" is good, clear native-speaker American English.) Works like Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*, composed from beginning to end in the "idiolect," or individual natural speech, of the relator, stand as monuments to linguistic realism in the field of *belles lettres* and are prescribed reading in some English high school and college classes.

Writers of historical novels and editors of popular magazines spend many hours of research to assure themselves and the public that every detail is authentic and authenticated. Producers of movie spectaculars put millions of dollars into making sure that they have the correct military posture and salute for Alexander's hoplites or Caesar's legionaries, the right kind of lamps for Marco Polo's China and Casanova's Venice, the authentic attire for the Cid's Spain, Elizabeth I's England and Mme. de Pompadour's France.

But how does the world of fictional writing, of stage and screen and television, react to the problem of language diversity and language difficulties, which is a very real problem in real life? Here an illusion must be created for the benefit of readers and audience. One hundred per cent realism, the sort of thing authors and producers strive for in architecture, attire, customs and costumes, even gestures and mental attitudes, obviously won't do. If the scene of the action departs from the English-speaking world (and it has to be a fairly up-to-date English-speaking world, certainly no farther removed than the days of Elizabeth I and Shakespeare), then realism must be faked, under penalty of throwing your present-day audience into utter confusion.

One might say in passing that the perfectionism of authenticity so manfully striven for in the historical field, where there is the ever-present danger that some carping critic will remind the writer or producer that the type of beard or the style of dueling he portrays is either anachronistic or two centuries ahead of its purported period, is all too often thrown into discard in perfectly modern scenes. What man ever shaved in the six strokes and ten seconds flat devoted to it by so many of our movie and TV male stars? When did anyone ever see a starving man sit down to a meal, consume three forkfuls of whatever is spread out before him, then lay down his knife and fork and pass on to other types of action, his appetite seemingly sated?

These inconsistencies are harmless. What is not so harmless, perhaps, is the type of slugging and other assorted forms of mayhem displayed on our screens with no seeming permanent harm to the recipients, who get up, rub their chins and stomachs, and move on to further action after undergoing punishment that in real life would send its victim to a permanent niche in a cemetery or, at the very least, to a hospital ward for a month. It has even been suggested that viewing by the immature of this type of action scene may be partly responsible for our juvenile crime waves, not merely because it glorifies violence, but even more because it minimizes the physical effects of violence.



The man interested in language must be concerned about linguistic realism and its handling. Here illusion is not merely justified but necessary. What are the devices or conventions by which the producer conveys to his audience these various linguistic realities: a) when the characters he is watching are speaking a language other than the viewer's own; b) when different characters are speaking different languages, each in his own environment and to his fellow speakers; c) when the characters speak different languages and are having trouble understanding one another?

The problem of linguistic realism arose first in literature, and has been handled differently in fictional and non-fictional writing. Homer's characters are Greeks and Trojans. The Trojans, presumably, spoke Phrygian, a language quite different from Greek and thought to be of Illyrian stock. Yet in the *Iliad* there is at all times perfect communication between the two groups, with no hint of a language difference or difficulty. This situation is repeated in Vergil's *Aeneid* with the added embellishment that Aeneas, a refugee from Troy, has no trouble in giving a detailed account of his vicissitudes to Queen Dido of Carthage, who presumably spoke Punic.

IN contrast, non-fiction writers generally display their awareness of the language problem. Livy, Pliny, Cicero, and Caesar, to name a few, mention the need for interpreters in dealing with non-speakers of Latin. The Third-Century A.D. Ulpian Code makes it legal to draw up a will not only in Latin or Greek but in any other language. St. Augustine and St. Jerome both show in their writings that language diversity exists and must be reckoned with.

This interesting dichotomy between the chronicler of fact and the creative writer continued into the Middle Ages. While Christian missionaries were busy translating the Bible into many languages for their converts' use, and Charlemagne prescribed specifically at the Council of Tours in 813 that church sermons henceforth were to be given not in Latin but in the Teutonic or "Rustic Roman" (early Romance) tongues of the congregations, literary writers continued

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merrily to ignore the language problem. In the eleventh-century *Chanson de Roland*, Arabic-speaking Moors and French-speaking Franks communicated with the greatest of ease and with never a reference to a misunderstanding or an interpreter. It is only in the bilingual *contrasto* of Raimbaut de Vaqueiras a century later that we find the Genoese heroine complaining that she does not understand her Provençal swain any more than if he were a German, a Sardinian, or an inhabitant of the Barbary Coast. Chaucer's prioress who could speak the French of Stratford but not that of Paris is further evidence of the growth of linguistic realism in literature.

BUT literature is only a symbolization of reality. The writer can conjure up for his readers any scene he wishes merely by the judicious use of a few words. By the same token he can take care of any linguistic situation by injecting a phrase or two into his narrative: "He spoke with a heavy German accent"; "John could barely understand what the *agent de police* was saying to him in French"; "Where language failed, they helped themselves out with gestures."

With stage and screen it is different. The entire action takes place before your eyes, as though it were real. The participants are alive or endowed with lifelike qualities. What to do?

The simplest thing, of course, is to ignore the problem altogether. Shakespeare's actors could, and still can, pretend that their clipped British English is the Venetian form of Italian in *The Merchant of Venice* or Copenhagen Danish in *Hamlet*. The audiences go along beautifully with the unspoken convention and no one dreams of objecting. This is fine so long as all the characters are of one unified language background. In the earlier days of the screen and in the later days of television it is quite all right for everyone to pretend that Chekhov's or Tolstoy's characters are all speaking Russian, which is somehow miraculously transformed into the English of an American audience, without even the benefit of the simultaneous translators and earphones of the UN.

The real trouble starts when the characters are of different ethnic backgrounds and speak different languages, as happens so often in modern movies and TV sketches. Here at least a half-dozen devices are employed, some more ingenious than others. To my knowledge they never have been described and discussed fully.

I recall seeing not too long ago a TV-reproduced picture of vintage 1950 or thereabouts, dealing with a love affair in occupied Budapest between a Hungarian girl and a Russian officer. They and all subsidiary characters with them spoke perfect American English. This blissful ignoring of the language problem is on a par with the *Iliad* and the *Chanson de Roland*. It flavors the proceedings with a touch of unreality which may not strike all people but is bound to strike some. "What are they supposed to be using for language?" is the question that arises in the mind of anyone who knows that language differences exist.

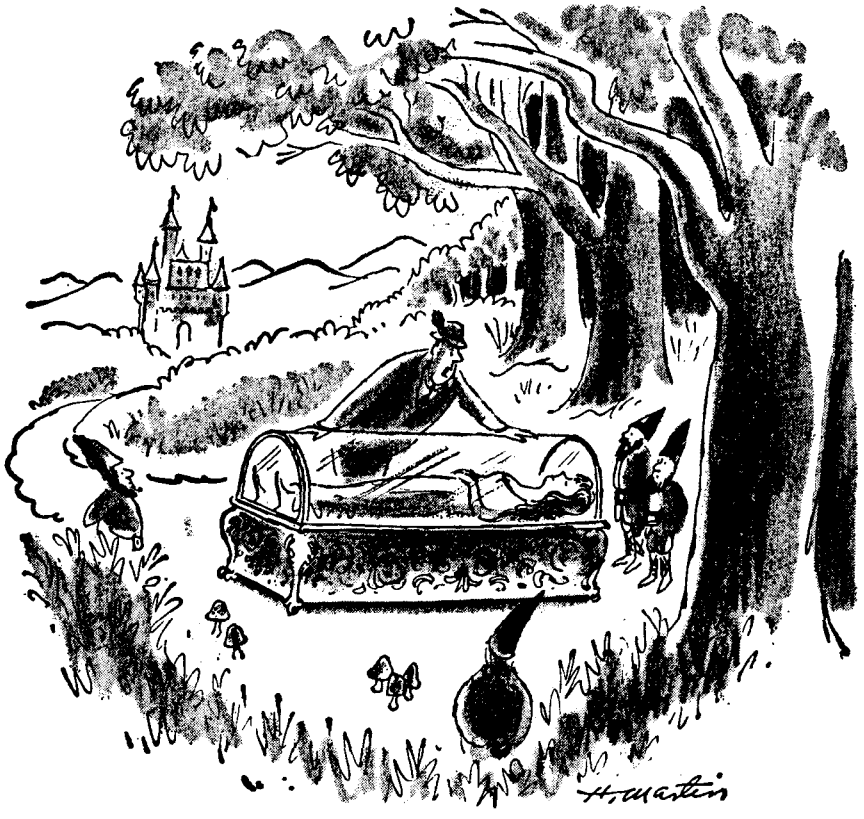
But some of our TV realists rise to the occasion. When the heroes of *I Spy* go after a ring of wicked Chinese Communist agents, the agents, every time they communicate among themselves, use good Peking Mandarin. The subsequent action clarifies the general meaning of their words even if it does not translate them. The sense of linguistic logic of people like me is satisfied.

IT is not at all satisfied, on the other hand, in other movies or sketches where a group of Hungarian refugees use broken English among themselves in the privacy of their own meeting-place as well as to American detectives who are investigating them. It stands to reason that J. Carrol Naish would not be using synthetic broken English to a fellow-Italian. Worse even than ignoring the problem of different languages is the attempt to solve it by having the characters use English flavored with a heavy accent, not merely when addressing Americans who do not know their language, but among themselves. Logic demands that if we are going to conventionalize their utterances we do so in an English as perfect as their own native tongue would be.

Another somewhat more successful attempt at linguistic realism is typified by a series such as *Combat*. Here the GI's speak American English. The Germans speak German among themselves, as they should, and the French civilians speak French. The action usually takes care of the meanings. This is fine up to a point, and the point is where French, German and American speakers have to intercommunicate. One of the GI's in Sarge Saunders' group is a French Canadian, and he does a fine job of translating from and into French whenever he's around. All the German officers, and occasionally some of the privates, speak English. This is realistic. They could have learned it in school. But their English is a trifle too perfect, as is that of too many French peasants and workers who must make themselves understood when our French Canadian friend is not in evidence. In less well done pictures of the same type one gets the impression that every inhabitant of an Italian or Japanese village speaks passable English, and this goes beyond the bounds of credibility.

An interesting if not too plausible variant of this attribution of high lin-

(*Continued on page* 53)



"Come alive! You're in the Pepsi generation!"

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Where Do We Go from Wasteland?

IN 1955 Alan Harrington published a first novel called *The Revelations of Dr. Modesto,* an amusing and pointed satire on the theme of conformity. The hero, a misfit, a failure as an insurance salesman and as a lover, sends for a pamphlet written by a Dr. Modesto, which tells him exactly how to be like everyone else and transforms his personality. The trouble is that, using Modesto's techniques, the young man becomes a success, forgetting Modesto's warning against standing out from the crowd. All sorts of complications result, and the moral seems to be that even the path of conformity has its difficulties.

I have been waiting for Harrington to write another novel, and at last one has appeared, *The Secret Swinger* (Knopf, $4.95). It, too, deals with conformity but with other and larger problems as well. There is less comedy in it than in *Dr. Modesto,* and it comes to a horrifying climax; but Harrington is as inventive as before, and the novel raises questions that cannot easily be disposed of.

The hero is George Pectin, of whom Harrington states at the outset: "He was forty-three years old and had lost his way." A member of the staff of a news magazine, he is doing reasonably well financially, but he is fed up with his job and his wife, and is determined to make a new beginning. So far, of course, George is a familiar figure, not to say a cliché; but we are to learn that his case is not a simple one.

We see him first in Shannon's Bar, where he and his associates and counterparts get soused every noon so that they can bear to return to their offices. "Determined to avoid a genteel Anglo-Saxon middle age," he considers how to tell his wife, who is about to emerge from a tuberculosis sanatorium after a year's stay, that he is through. After all, he tells himself as a reminder of his escape from domestic tranquility, he has learned to frug and do the Monkey.

Harrington takes his epigraph from Hermann Hesse's *Steppenwolf*: "Now there are times when a whole generation is caught . . . between two ages, between two modes of life and thus loses the feeling for itself, for the self-evident, for all morals, for being safe and innocent." Or, as Matthew Arnold wrote a century ago, "Wandering between two worlds, one dead,/The other powerless to be born." Or, as Lewis Carroll said, "Jam tomorrow and jam yesterday but not ever jam today."

ONE of George Pectin's worlds, the one that is dead, is symbolized for him by his grandfather and grandmother, whose funerals he attends in the course of the story. Harrington writes of George, sitting late after lunch at Shannon's: "He had been making an odd bargain with time. He would settle for being already dead if he could have been young and happy in the time of his grandparents' youth. He would settle for already lying peacefully in a country graveyard if, at the time of his death, he had been able to believe that at the end of his long sleep there would come the day of resurrection. He would gladly accept dying if at the last instant he could embrace eternal life. As it was, the alcoholic immortality of his lunch hour was what kept him going, at the same time slowly destroyed him, which was the same thing."

When George was younger, he had spent some time in Greenwich Village, associating with writers and painters and dreaming of the novel he was going to write; but afterwards he broke with his Bohemian comrades, whom he came to regard as irresponsible bums, and settled down to his job and marriage. Then, to his bitter amazement, several of the "bums" turned out to be successes: "George Muchnik, whose trial flights of hatred and obscenity had seemed to George Pectin little more than disgusting, one year simply soared away on gigantic wings and became a great young poet, and he was talked about all over the world. Hugh Brandt sold out a one-man show on Fifty-seventh Street. Jan Crehore inspired America's young people with a big, traveling novel that he wrote in two months."

One section of the novel is made up of random conversations that George has with strangers on trains, to whom he tells, as people will, more than he would ever reveal to intimates. He is convinced that sooner or later he will meet the perfect woman for him and that their passion will endure. He also believes that somehow he can avoid growing old. He is not merely attacking conformity; he is rebelling against the human condition itself.

George is quite serious about this. He knows that his grandparents had their share of the natural shocks that flesh is heir to, but they had a faith that enabled them to endure. He hasn't. After many misadventures, including a strange affair with a peculiarly destructive woman, he breaks down. A psychiatrist tells him that he is immature, and he replies, "Of course. So far as I'm concerned, matur-

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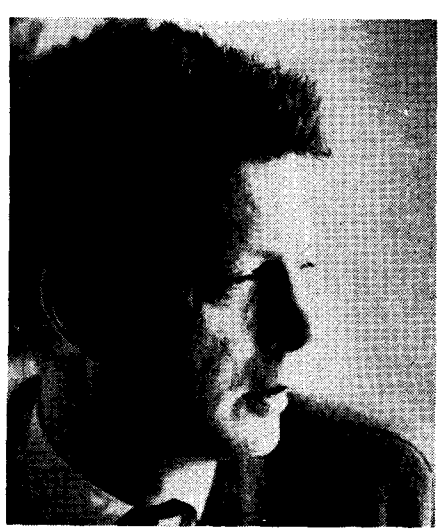
ity is another word for resignation. And I don't intend to resign." He tells the doctor that he intends to abolish death, and when the doctor smiles, he says, "Over a carpet of immature people like me hanging on death's barbed wire, men will storm the ramparts of impossibility and become gods."

Not surprisingly, he turns to his erstwhile friend, George Muchnik, who is not only a successful poet but also priest of a Greenwich Village cult. To his followers he preaches a doctrine of ecstasy —"holiness," one of his disciples calls it— largely achieved by drugs and indiscriminate sex. Given some sort of drug by a disciple, Serena, George Pectin has hallucinations, and a visit to a discothèque becomes an ecstatic experience. (It is Serena who calls him a secret swinger.) But the end is death in a gruesome, not altogether credible, startlingly symbolic form.

It is easy enough to say that George Pectin's behavior is regressive and that all along he is seeking death. But Harrington is not writing a case history, and Pectin's agonies aren't make-believe. Moreover, in his feeling that he is caught between two ages, he is a representative figure. But what is Harrington saying about the mode of life that is presumably to be found on the other side of the wasteland? Is it the way practiced and advocated by George Muchnik? It seems to work for him and his disciples, though Serena speaks of periodically having "the dooms." For a time it works for Pectin, but in the end it becomes a way of death. Perhaps Harrington is completely pessimistic, believing that the road to destruction is the only road there is. But that is not what the tone of the novel suggests to me, and according to the jacket he is working on "a book of nonfiction exploring means to 'turn men into gods.'" We are left with a puzzle, but also with the knowledge that we have been hit hard. —Granville Hicks.



Alan Harrington: "maturity is another word for resignation."

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

The Heart in Harte

I read with interest John K. Hutchens's review of Richard O'Connor's *Bret Harte* [*SR*, Apr. 2] and took pleasure in his praise of Harte. It seems to be the attitude of many nowadays to condemn emotion under the label of sentimentality. All great art appeals to the emotions. It is true that Harte often had sentimentality, but he made up for it with his wonderful humor.

Some of Harte's dialect poems are very distinctive and original, and some are highly humorous. He was one of the best of parodists, as in his parody of Cooper in "Muck-a-Muck" and of "Maud Muller" in "Mrs. Judge Jenkins."

Philip H. Mankin.

Richmond, Ky.

Feticide

In her review of *The Afternoon Women*, by Lael Tucker Wertenbaker [*SR*, Apr. 2], Elinor Baumbach is designated a free-lance writer and critic. Judging from her pitiful conclusions on the rightness or wrongness of abortion, she is apparently a free-lance moralist too. . . .

In her concern for selfish women, she forgets or ignores the rights of the unborn. There is a hiatus, an amoral gap in her reasoning which is starkly evident in the flat assertion that the author's premise is "basically correct." The dubiously "unjust" abortion laws are decried, while the immensely greater injustice of feticide is completely ignored. . . .

O. G. Burkart, M.D.

Tiffin, Ohio

As it happens, I agree that the laws on abortion are in need of revision, somewhat along the lines now under discussion by the American Medical Association. However, I do not think that those to whom this view is repugnant on either moral or legal grounds are necessarily so misinformed as to be written off as nitwits, as may be implied from Elinor Baumbach's "review." Furthermore, I find this sentence incredible: "And what, finally, of the real stories of women who may not be good, may not be innocent, may not be articulate and attractive, but who also *have the right* not to bear an unwanted child?" What kind of "right" does this reviewer mean? Does she mean a natural right, a legal right, a Constitutional right, a moral right, or a divine right? There is a substantial body of thought, it would appear, which may concede the necessity for revision of the laws as a practical matter, but which would maintain that there is no *right* to an abortion. I also question the sentence: "This is something of a loss, since her subject is a serious one and her attitude basically correct"—in whose opinion and by what standards?

Oversimplification of complex social issues and flat statements which confuse opinion and fact and ignore differences of thoughtful opinion are the chief attributes of those who find easy answers where angels fear to tread. . . .

Angela R. Holder.

Rock Hill, S.C.

Unfortunately, Elinor Baumbach's newest review can be taken seriously neither as fact nor as polemic. This is something of a loss, since her subject is a serious one, but her attitude is basically prejudiced. While the modern emancipated woman learns to appreciate literature, this unsophisticated victim of her own emotional response refuses to accept the objective criteria of criticism and instead turns her review into a vile and unliterary polemic. . . .

Gerald Neufeld.

Champaign, Ill.

Much Bad Counsel

Mr. Granville Hicks says of Chum Breed, the Mephistopheles to John Hersey's Faust, John Fist, in *Too Far to Walk* [*SR*, Mar. 19], "I'm sure the name must have some significance, but I don't get it."

One possible explanation—I certainly don't claim that it is consciously Mr. Hersey's—is nevertheless fairly simple. "Reed" —transliterated to *rede*—is Anglo-Saxon for "counsel," as in the name of the Anglo-Saxon king Ethelred—noble counsel—who was nicknamed "evil counsel." The initial letter B stands for "bad"; hence Breed signifies bad counsel, while Chum is readily discerned to be an anagram for much. Chum Breed thus stands for much bad, or evil, counsel, the furnishing of which is a Mephistophelean function.

Kenneth Wiggins Porter.

Eugene, Ore.

Tour de Force

The critique by Mr. Nicholas Samstag of *Incubus* [*SR*, Mar. 12] was so perfect it had to have been written the day he laid the book aside. No one could sustain the mood of weariness mixed with humor for very long. I may not buy *Incubus* but I'll sure enough order *Bamboozled* and *Come and See My Shining Palace* [*SR*, Apr. 2].

Juanita Bales.

Overland, Mo.

Hobbit Huddle

The Department of English of Mankato State College, Mankato, Minnesota, is planning a conference on Professor Tolkien's works. The date of the conference has not been set, but we are tentatively planning on late October. We will have four or five speakers, and we hope to solicit and publish papers on *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings*.

Carrol L. Fry.

Mankato, Minn.

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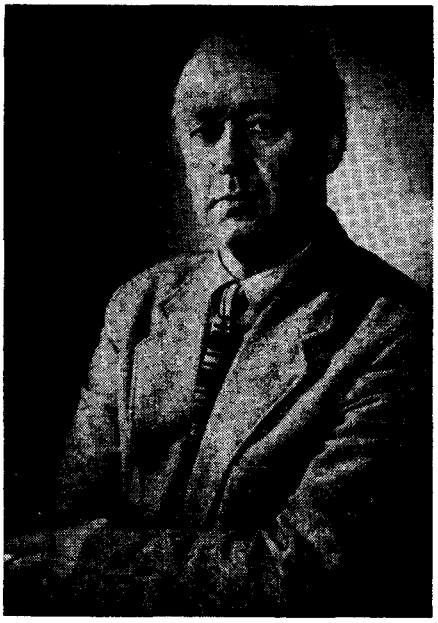
The European Literary Scene

Although Eugene Ionesco trod red carpets when he returned to his native Romania last year, he has not learned the approved newspeak of the Eastern Socialist democracies. Ionesco has just progressed from the cramped Théâtre de la Huchette in Paris to the prestigious Comédie Française, where his new play, *Thirst and Hunger*, is receiving mixed reviews. The spectacle of Ionesco on the august boards of the theater of Molière seemed a paradox (although his *Rhinoceros*, and even his newer *Lacune*, have been housed at the official Théâtre de l'Odéon). So interviewers went to ask him if, under the circumstances, he still felt himself a leader of the avant-garde. "But of course. Molière himself was avant-garde. All great authors who have been accepted have been avant-garde. . . . You are displaying a sub-Marxist mentality. You imagine that a bourgeois state imposes a certain style, a certain thought pattern. That is false. It is the totalitarian state which imposes thinking patterns. The liberal state accepts a variety of things. . . . I can still do avant-garde at the Comédie Française, but not at the Bolshoi Theater."

The tripartite *Soif et Faim* presents three disparate phases in the moral decay of a certain Jean. The first act deals with Jean's unwilling return with wife and child to a former street-level apartment which is sinking into the earth and is haunted with phantasms and a sense of blight. Finally resolving to break out of its confines, he goes off alone. Jean spends Act II waiting happily in a sun-baked temple for the arrival of a beloved woman who will bring him happiness; whoever she is, she never comes. In the third act Jean wanders unwarily into a prisonlike "establishment" where clowns in cages mimic man's indecisions. Here he is given food and drink as a captive guest and gets a fleeting glance at his wife and child passing behind bars. He will end his quest for happiness in this strange enclosed world, unsure as a Kafka character of what sins he is expiating. If Jacques Lemarchand of *Le Figaro littéraire* was moved by this Peer Gynt of the Absurd, the eminent Gabriel Marcel, in *Les Nouvelles littéraires*, felt that the directors of the Comédie Française owed the public an apology and ought to atone by staging some anodyne playwright like Tristan Bernard. As for the critic of *Arts*, he was amused that Ionesco's "most conventional play" won twenty-four curtain calls.



Eugene Ionesco: "All great authors . . . have been avant-garde."

Italian tempers are rising over Marta Abba. The veteran actress for whom Pirandello wrote so many plays holds the rights to nine of the Nobel laureate's masterpieces and has made a habit of blocking their production in Italy. On those rare occasions when she permits their staging, it is with the stipulation that she supervise the productions and play the roles she introduced some thirty-five years ago. Although she let Garbo play *As You Desire Me* on film, her veto has prevented stage productions right up to the present moment, even when they had been announced or were in rehearsal. Florence's May Festival (Maggio Musicale) and the new Teatro Stabile of Rome are her latest victims. Resentful of Italy's treatment of her before her twelve-year sojourn in Cleveland (as Mrs. Severance Millikin), unwilling to see roles created for her portrayed by other actresses "of my own generation," she can legally withhold these nine masterpieces from theater and printed page until 1992, when they pass into public domain. If she continues her obstats much longer the actress will find herself unwittingly playing a part written by another playwright – the old lady in Duerrenmatt's *The Visit*, who takes a spiteful vengeance on an entire community for affronts in the past.

Curzio Malaparte (1898-1957), who shocked everyone in the 1940s with his sensational *Kaputt* and *La Pelle* (Skin), and then, with his *Accursed Tuscans*, paved the way for the censorious Luigi Barzini, will have a fourth book published posthumously by Vallecchi. This is his *Diary of a Foreigner in Paris*, recording his 1947 return to that capital after an absence of fourteen years that encompassed imprisonment and sequestration on Lipari under Fascism. Small wonder that he captures the excitement of intellectual and daily life in this country which had never forgotten or neglected him, this country for which in 1916 he fled his high school in the Tuscan hills in order to defend it from Kaiser Wilhelm.

In Europe, where "discoverers" are sometimes as notorious as the discovered, everyone knows that Borgese "discovered" Moravia and that Montale spotted Italo Svevo before Joyce did. It is exciting then that Diego De Donato has published an exchange of letters between the poet Montale and the strange "Italian Swabian" from Trieste who wrote the first psychological novel, the title of which would be best translated as *The Subconscious of Zeno*. The letters tell much of young Montale, still displaying his critical acuity almost forty years after Svevo's death. But they tell most about Svevo and his relationship to his works: "*Zeno* is an autobiography, but not mine. . . . When I was left alone I tried to convince myself that I was Zeno. I walked with him, I smoked like him. . . ." He even foisted his own old memories onto his hero. Well, perhaps Svevo wasn't Zeno (a difficult hypothesis to accept), but he did achieve immortality as Leopold Bloom in *Ulysses*.

When I lectured for a semester at the University of Madrid in 1953, the theater was in the doldrums. Lorca was dead and banned, Alejandro Casona exiled in Argentina (later to return), and Benavente past his prime. In those days one met at the Café Gijón frustrated playwrights who won literary prizes for dramas the production of which was forbidden. It is good to hear from Alvaro Alonso-Castillo that the Madrid theater has rebounded with great vitality, due in part to the versatile and prolific Alfonso Paso (born 1925), who has emulated Lope de Vega by writing almost 100 plays in a decade. "One could say of him, as one says of El Cordobés, that rather than a writer he is a worthy case study." Paso, says the Spanish critic, brought the public back into the theaters, where a varied diet of contemporary drama is served up. The total of twenty-four theaters now open in Madrid compares favorably with that in other world capitals. Like the French, the Spaniards have four state theaters: the Español, the María Guerrero, the Beatriz, and the Zarzuela (home of the traditional regional "operetta"). These days one may

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see such attractions as O'Neill's *Electra*, Duerrenmatt's *Physicists*, Ionesco's *Amédée*, and Neil Simon's *Barefoot in the Park*. The Madrid theater, like Spain itself, is overcoming its suspicion of alien ideas. I should merely add to Alonso-Castillo's summary that Guillermo Díaz-Plaja, prolific scholar and director of Barcelona's Theater Institute, has for years been offering a similar international diet to playgoers in more cosmopolitan Catalonia. Six years ago he invited me to a splendid production by his young actors of O'Neill's *Dynamo*.

1966 is witnessing a spate of anniversary volumes on the Norman invasion of England. For *The Norman Conquest: Its Setting and Impact* Eyre & Spottiswoode assigned several specialists to run over the ethnic, social, religious, economic, and military implications of the French influx. Alan Lloyd's *Year of the Conqueror* (issued last week here by Holt, Rinehart & Winston) recreates the eleventh-century events with the vividness of a swashbuckling novel. Brigadier C. N. Barclay's *Battle 1066* (Dent) dwells authoritatively on strategy and maneuvers, without neglecting such fascinating speculations as the possibility that William the Conqueror's landing at Pevensey and the King of Norway's disembarking just a week earlier on the Yorkshire Coast, with the unfortunate Harold's brother on his side, represented a concerted action. With these and other volumes out in 1966, just reflect on the profusion of commemorative studies 2066 will bring. Maybe then we can have a reprinting of the delightful *1066 and All That*.

Lately we have been reporting here the current hard thinking about literature and freedom troubling many German authors, and not only *Gruppe '47*. To the theatrical evocations of Auschwitz, including Peter Weiss's "documentary" play, add five new retrospective books on the same theme: Emmi Bonhoeffer's *Zeugen* ("Witnesses") *im Auschwitz-Prozess* (Europäische Verlagsanst), Bernd Naumann's *Auschwitz* (Athenäum), Hans Buchheim's *Anatomie des SS-Staates* (Walter), and the translation from English of Fraenkel and Manvell's *Himmler*. Writers occupied with freedoms in the past are checking on those in the present. *Die Zeit*, sensing this mood, has been running a survey of the "Boundaries of Literary Freedom." This series was perhaps further stimulated by the legal difficulties encountered by Nymphenburger Press of Munich in publishing Klaus Mann's 1936 political novel *Mephisto* as part of an edition of his collected works. In *Die Zeit* George Rosenstock finds that Ireland, under Church influence, has on occasion forbidden books by creators of

(*Continued on page* 57)

The Cassandra Tradition

***The French**, by Jean-François Revel, translated from the French by Paula Spurlin (Braziller. 117 pp. $4), slashes at the author's country and countrymen with loathing and scorn. Author and journalist, David Schoenbrun has been a longtime observer of France and the French. Among his books are "As France Goes" and "Three Lives of Charles de Gaulle."*

By DAVID SCHOENBRUN

RARELY has the dust jacket of a book been so appropriately symbolic of its contents as that for *The French*, by Jean-François Revel. The title, in shocking-pink characters, is printed over a white, silhouette map of France against an over-all black background. The map is covered with a series of ink-blot designs of various shapes, in the patterns of the Rorschach test for personality analysis, and it is ripped apart across the middle, right through the letters that spell out the title. All this accurately reflects the shocking-pink political bias of the author, the white emptiness and bleakness of Revel's France, the black blobs of mud that he throws at the French people on almost every page of this angry book, and, finally, the author's rage—as if, with the torn map, he had ripped France asunder.

That this is a hateful book, in the original sense of the word—a book that feels and shows hate, a book literally full of hate—is all the more regrettable because it is also a brilliant book, replete with flashing insights, provocative paradoxes, and acrid wit. Revel describes France and the French as one might imagine Lucifer discoursing on faith, Sade dissecting love, or Machiavelli analyzing the personality and leadership qualities of Joan of Arc.

Witness Revel on de Gaulle: "General de Gaulle is quite right when he thinks that he symbolizes France; but he is wrong to consider this the least bit flattering. For the symbol and the symbolized make a sorry pair, and each only emphasizes the faults of the other." In that single sentence one finds the essence of this tightly written, swiftly moving, closely argued essay on France and the French, a country and a people despised by the author, who is himself a son of France and, in his own lucidly demonic manifestation of her spirit, very much the Frenchman. One suspects that he must have loved—and perhaps still loves—France very much to hate her so.

He is always in a white-hot temper, but a French-type temper, sneering rather than snarling, intellectual rather than emotional. Even his wit is finely tempered; never is there a genial smile, never a laugh, not a note of compassion. No one but a Frenchman could have composed this essay on the French. Rarely, if ever, has any man written about his own country and countrymen with such scorn, such loathing.

And yet the book was widely sold throughout France and even commented upon favorably in the very citadel of the well-bred bourgeois press, the proper and dignified *Figaro littéraire*, whose eminent critic, Robert Kanters, wrote: "His book should be read and debated, and he is too much of a liberal not to relish opposition." Kanters commented that "Revel's book belongs to the lively Cassandra tradition in our literature, and he's sometimes quite right."

An American who has lived among the French for more than two decades and who has learned to love their best and hate their worst qualities ought to be as generous as a French critic. So, let us agree with M. Kanters and say that Revel is, indeed, sometimes right. He is surely right to say that France is an oligarchy rather than a true democracy; that it is a country of prototypes that are superb, such as Dior dresses, Baccarat glass, Limoges china, art, literature, music, which are rarely produced for the masses; even pasteurization is a process more for export than for internal use. Revel is also right, most writers on France agree, when he notes that in France, "the people as a whole take little or no part in the cultural heritage of French civilization. The bad taste, ignorance, and ugly living quarters are especially striking in a country which prides itself on the opposite."

It is true that in that country of high fashion the majority of the people look as though they are dressed in hand-me-downs in which they have slept. Revel is right in debunking French illusions of grandeur, idolatry of the military and of war, right when he points to the inequitable distribution of wealth and the burden of taxes. He is at his best in his truly witty assault on French television, his description of the "fairly rich," powerful minority of parasites in French society, and in his one flash of humor with a hint of warmth, when he speaks of sports and

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the Olympics. For all these reasons the book is worthy of being read and debated.

Those who are deeply concerned about French society today and who are, at the same time, well informed on French history and the nature of the French, will find Revel is a most useful stimulant to thought and debate. He gives a shock treatment badly needed by the French themselves, too many of whom have become self-satisfied or self-deluded. This kind of shock treatment is, however, much less needed by Americans, most of whom already know more about the vices than the virtues of the French. It can do great harm if read by those who do not realize where Revel has exaggerated beyond the limits of accuracy, or has even erred seriously in his facts and analyses.

His exaggerations are apparent in the first pages of this book: "in France there are no real cities . . ."; "it is a bloated mug choked with a four-day growth of beard . . ."; "one wonders what these Frenchmen have to do with civilization." In a single paragraph the word *never* appears no less than five times referring to personality quirks of the French which are so diverse that it seems quite impossible to use so absolute a word as *never*: a French politician never feels he represents the people, he is their boss; France has never had a single statesman; the French have never had honest reasons for voting explained to them, etc., etc. Revel's ugliness and overstatement can be seen in his assertion that "power is wielded alternately by witless windbags and totalitarian tub-thumpers."

Revel finds French history "utterly without interest," their way of waging war typically "murderous and barbaric." The French as a people are "egoistic, tight-fisted, eternally ill-tempered." Their politics are "boring," their intellectuals not only "boring" but also "very dense and at the same time very lightweight." These are but a few random samples of the self-defeating generalizations with which this essay abounds. Every charge Revel makes about the French character, every ugly feature he paints is readily recognizable to anyone who knows the French well. Nevertheless, Revel errs grievously by ruthlessly eliminating all evidence contrary to his thesis. There are too many exceptions to his pronouncements, too many virtues and values in France and the French for his portrait to be anything but dangerously misleading. It is as though a music critic told us only about Barbra Streisand's hooked nose and bad temper. He would be right but if that is all he reported he would be very, very wrong.

Why then bother to read Revel and to devote so much space to a review of *The French*? One reason is because the book was so widely debated by the French themselves. Another is the possibility that it might be picked up and exploited by professional Francophobes, of whom there are many in the United States. And finally because, despite his overstatements, Revel makes a number of telling points that need being made about France, the French, and particularly the Gaullist phenomenon, which he demonstrates is not unique or an aberration but rather in the tradition of French history. Here again Revel exaggerates the real strength of the royalist tradition in French society, and the penchant of many French for elegant or heroic totalitarianism. But his essay provides many facts and much finely reasoned argument for Americans who follow French affairs and for those whose interests or professions make it necessary for them to understand the French.

Parisian couture by Jean Patou (above) and Jacques Esterel (right)—a country of prototypes created for export.

—French Cultural Services.

Freedom-loving citizens would not want to see a book of this kind censored —or any book, for that matter. But perhaps publishers should be obliged to put a warning on the jackets of such works, just as pharmacists do on labels for certain drugs. For example, the Mid-Century Book Club edition of *The Story of O* bears the legend "The sale of this book is limited to adults." Maybe there ought to be a special edition of *The French* distributed with a legend that might read: "This book should be read only by those who know and love France."

To gauge the degree to which the military image dominates French life, one need only consider the kind of writer whose popularity spreads beyond both the literary world and the reading portion of the bourgeoisie to influence, directly or indirectly, the entire population. The most successful of these writers in the last thirty years is Saint-Exupéry, the flyboy who replaced the human brain with an airplane engine. All his propeller-driven yarns spin endless hosannahs to the *chef* (a word which, when used without a complement, should be reserved for master cooks) and to the ably commanded and disciplined "team." Saint-Exupéry, who is a favorite subject of the gentlemen who compose the Bachot exams and who has inundated railway newsstands, paperback and de-luxe editions, literary reviews and weeklies (and it takes a lot of ingenuity to rehash so thin a subject matter in one special number after another) . . . Saint-Exupéry has become more than a writer: he is a saint and a prophet. To understand France, one has to realize that its most influential writer is not Gide or Breton but Saint-Ex, who taught the French that prolix idiocies become profound philosophic truths at an altitude of seven thousand feet. Put stupidity in a cockpit and it looks like wisdom, and our young people have eagerly lapped it up. I remember how important André Maurois's *Dialogues sur le Commandement* was considered back in 1935. It was enormously popular among the middle class during the Thirties: teachers discussed it in class, and the veteran read it of an evening, one hand resting on his helmet and the other holding his glass of brandy. The appalling stupidity of these dialogues made the book a best-seller, and the key to its success lay in the fact that Maurois sought to justify . . . the "mystique of the Leader." —*From "The French."*

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A Safe Bridge to the Future

***Hammarskjöld, by Emery Kelen** (Putnam. 316 pp. $5.95), and **Dag Hammarskjöld: A Spiritual Portrait**, by Sven Stolpe, translated from the Swedish by Naomi Walford (Scribners. 127 pp. $3.95), concentrate on the messianic sense of mission that the late Secretary-General brought to his service in the cause of peace. Eric Britter is a British journalist who reported on Asian affairs for some years and has been New York and United Nations correspondent for The Times of London for more than a decade.*

By ERIC BRITTER

AN ENIGMA during his lifetime, Dag Hammarskjöld since his death nearly five years ago has become something of a cult among internationalists the world over. Especially following the posthumous publication in 1964 of his *Markings*, which he described as "a sort of *white book* concerning my negotiations with myself—and with God," the late Secretary-General of the United Nations came to be almost the personification of the dedicated man, the World Citizen of the future.

Certainly his own writings, scant though they are, reveal that he had a sense of messianic mission. Early in 1961 he had written: "I don't know Who—or what—put the question, I don't know when it was put. I don't even remember answering. But at some moment I did answer *Yes* to Someone—or Something—and from that hour I was certain that existence is meaningful and that, therefore, my life, in self-surrender, had a goal."

Those words were written not long after his famous confrontation and quarrel with Nikita Khrushchev in the General Assembly. Thereafter he became anathema to the Communist world, whose spokesmen openly called him the murderer of Patrice Lumumba. If I may say so without blasphemy, the Congo became his Gethsemane. When he was killed in an air crash at Ndola, Rhodesia, on the morning of September 18, 1961, while engaged on a mission of conciliation to Moise Tshombe, there were those who felt he carried the burden of Christian civilization to its ultimate, inevitable end.

Both the books under review are concerned with this theme. Both are written by men who knew Hammarskjöld well, Emery Kelen as a senior member of the United Nations staff, Sven Stolpe as a boyhood and family friend. They both conclude that Hammarskjöld did not live and die in vain. Says Emery Kelen:

> I do not think he fought for a lost cause. The Swedes struck a medal in silver to his memory which bears the inscription *Vir vixit, opus vivit*—the man had lived, his work lives on. His work lives on in the words he spoke. . . . They formed a taut, narrow and safe bridge which led us the first few steps from Wilson's age into the nuclear age, but it stretches far beyond into the future. I think mankind will be using Hammarskjöld's bridge for a long time to come.

Sven Stolpe, who calls his brief memoir "a spiritual portrait," is concerned more with the mystical than with the political side of the man's career. He concludes that Hammarskjöld, having found his life's purpose in service to the cause of peace, gladly sacrificed himself to that cause. But the author rejects the charge of blasphemy leveled by some Swedish critics against Hammarskjöld on the ground that he "identified" himself with Christ. Rather, says Stolpe, he felt himself "chosen in the same way as all Christians who have been 'called' are chosen; there is no more to it than that."

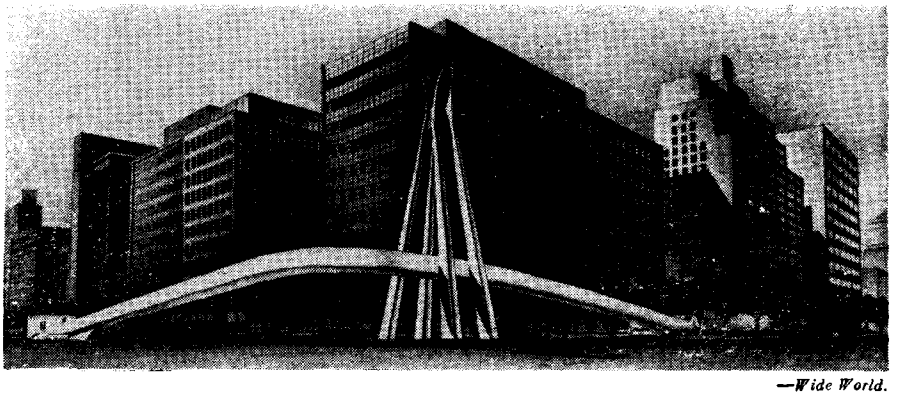
Of the two books, that by the Hungarian Kelen is the more dispassionate and satisfactory. It gives a fair picture of the man whom all of us who served or reported the United Nations during his eight-year tenure of office came to know and respect as a shy, conscientious, capable, and single-minded Secretary-General.

If he was aloof, that was partly because of his family background, which Kelen well describes, and partly because he felt he had to be above the battle of conflicting individuals and ideologies. In this objective he succeeded to the extent that he became the champion of the small countries while retaining the respect of those Western powers, Britain and France, with whom he differed over the Suez affair. He failed to remain above the battle in that the Communist bloc decided that by his initiatives he had become a menace to their interests and declared him, as they had his predecessor, Trygve Lie, persona non grata. But that, in the view of liberal-minded men, was an accolade, not an insult.

For the rest, there was one aspect of Hammarskjöld's life, his celibacy or bachelorhood, which both authors discuss. I must confess to a distaste for the way in which they raise the question "was he a homosexual?" only to answer that there was nothing to prove it.

On this, Stolpe is rather more positive than Kelen when he writes: "He was masculine all through; there was nothing effeminate in his nature. He was not afraid of women, and could speak expertly on feminine beauty; yet I sometimes felt that for all his polite talk at parties he never visually discriminated between a shapely woman and, say, a sofa or a chair."

That is fair enough, so far as it goes. I would go further and say that Hammarskjöld was a man's man in the best sense of the term, and that any suggestions to the contrary are not worth the paper on which they are printed. Like many great men, the Secretary-General never married, partly because of his devotion to his mother and, later, because he was wedded to his work. No more need be said.



—Wide World.

Design of memorial to Dag Hammarskjöld—"the man had lived, his work lives on."

Coming April 30

SR's Report on Writers' Summer Conferences

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She Conquered Spirit for the Stage

The Mystic in the Theatre: Eleonora Duse, *by Eva Le Gallienne (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 185 pp. $4.50), maintains that the actress's life and work were motivated by a spiritual search. Philip Burton is president and director of the American Musical and Dramatic Academy, popularly known as AMDA.*

By PHILIP BURTON

THERE is no greater proof of the magical effect that Eleonora Duse had on people, both on and off stage, than this book by Eva Le Gallienne. It is neither a biography nor a critical appreciation; it is an act of adoration. And I use that word fully cognizant of its religious implications, for the thesis of the book is that Duse owed her extraordinarily compelling power on the stage to a consciously spiritual struggle with her private demons for such a conquest of self as produces saints. But whereas the self of the saint is filled with God in mystic communion, the self of Duse was replaced on stage by the various women she portrayed.

Apparently one of Duse's favorite sayings was: *"Il faut s'oublier, s'oublier; c'est le seul moyen."* But surely this is only an expression of that necessity for concentration which is the basis of all effective acting, and which Duse was able to command to an astonishing degree. Miss Le Gallienne is aware to some extent of the dubiousness of her spiritual analogy; it is one thing to be possessed by the spirit of God, and quite another to be possessed by the "cold, egotistical despair of a Hedda Gabler."

Eva Le Gallienne—"an act of adoration."

—*Culver.*

Eleonora Duse—"such a conquest of self as produces saints."

In support of her title, *The Mystic in the Theatre,* Miss Le Gallienne adduces evidence of Duse's long and earnest study of the writings of mystics and philosophers, and in the first chapter of the book gives a detailed description of a well-used French copy of *The Prayers of St. Thomas Aquinas* which she had received from Duse. (I could have wished that, with her proved gift for translation, Miss Le Gallienne had given us less literal renderings of the French.) She also suggests that Duse's sudden retirement from the theater in 1909 was motivated by the need to complete her spiritual search, and that when twelve years later financial straits forced her back onto the stage, her long and lonely pilgrimage resulted in her greatest work. It is much more likely that her retirement was due to exhaustion and a growing disgust with the theater. When Gordon Craig complained because his set for her production of *Rosmersholm* at Nice had had to be cut down, thus destroying its essential proportions, she replied: "What

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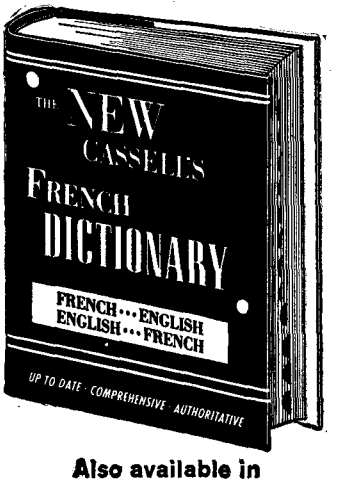

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In this intimate biography, Somerset Maugham's nephew reveals his uncle's taste in a thousand things from cakes to ale.

SOMERSET AND ALL THE MAUGHAMS
By ROBIN MAUGHAM

NAL $5.95. Published by THE NEW AMERICAN LIBRARY

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they have done to your scene, they have been doing for years to my art."

But Miss Le Gallienne's correlation of an actor's art with his inner life has great validity. Great artists are big people, big in their vices as well as their virtues. The talent of a petty soul is never memorable.

To thousands of young actors who never saw her, Duse stands for the ultimate achievement in their art, for she created the complete illusion of the truth of human behavior. Witnesses testified that she was not just natural; she was nature. You saw not merely a great performance of *Hedda Gabler*, you saw Hedda. But this phenomenon, Miss Le Gallienne insists, was the result of years of intensely hard work, and not the inspiration of the moment. Shaw repeatedly made the same point. Of no actress was the apothegm more true that "the highest art is to conceal art." Duse never knew any other life or work than the theater. Born in a third-class railway carriage to a family of third-class traveling players, and on the stage from the age of four, she strove all her life to widen and deepen her knowledge and her experience, and to perfect her technique. She had the reverence of the ill-educated artist for learning and literature, which made her pathetically susceptible to poets. Her devotion to the flamboyant d'Annunzio and his plays brought distress to her heart and her pocket.

It is to be regretted that Miss Le Gallienne, like Shaw before her, cannot praise Duse without dispraising Bernhardt. Similarly, in his devotion to Bernhardt Max Beerbohm had poured scorn on the adulators of Duse. He accused London audiences and critics of hypocritical affectation, since very few of them could understand Duse's Italian; he seemed to forget that very few more could understand Bernhardt's French. Since both actresses played the same part at the same time in London, that of Magda in Sudermann's *Heimat*, partisanship was, I suppose, inevitable, but surely time should breed tolerance. From the effects they produced in their different ways, both were obviously consummate artists. Bernhardt was the epitome of the style of acting of her own generation; Duse created a new style of acting for the next generation.

I never saw the actress Duse nor met the woman. Miss Le Gallienne did both, and I, for one, am grateful to her for this reverent recording of both experiences. Shaw, pre-eminently among others, had long converted me to unstinting admiration of Duse the actress: "When Duse gives us her best work, we cannot be too emphatic in declaring that it is the best of the best and magnificent." Miss Le Gallienne almost succeeds in converting me to equal admiration of Duse the woman. Almost.

America in Transition

***The State of the Nation**, edited by David Boroff (Prentice-Hall. 231 pp. $5.95), contains articles by twenty-two writers on America's transition into a world of mechanization, large-scale organization, and remorseless change. Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s history of the Kennedy Administration, "A Thousand Days," received the National Book Award in History and Biography for 1965.*

By ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

THOUGH, curiously, no mention of the fact is made on the jacket or in the introduction, this volume is drawn from last year's 100th anniversary issue of the *Nation*. While *The State of the Nation* has the ups and downs inescapable in a book composed by twenty-two hands, most of the pieces are informed by a common spirit, and together they provide an arresting and at times poignant rendition of notes of strain in our opulent and booming civilization. If it is by no means the whole story of the state of the nation, it is the part on which the *Nation* has valuably specialized through the century of its history. It is also the part we most need to hear about.

The authors see America as entering the culminating phase of transition into a great society (in the usage of Graham Wallas, not of LBJ)—a new economic and social world, marked by mechanization, large-scale organization, and remorseless change. "Thanks to technology's mad genius," as Louis Kronenberger puts it, "there is about everything, animate or inanimate today, a sense of impermanence." The small town gives way to the megalopolis; automation takes over; and the individual, in Eric Larrabee's words, is haunted by the "fundamental fear of being dehumanized: being deprived of identity, deprived of function, deprived of meaning —that is, the fears of bureaucracy, of unemployment, and of empty leisure." Borrowing a phrase from R. M. MacIver, Larrabee speaks of the onset of "the great emptiness."

The new society is split between the infrastructure, formal and meaningless, and the underground. Organized education, as seen by Edgar Z. Friedenberg, becomes more than ever a mechanism for disciplining free spirits to the necessities of the industrial order; "in fitting American youth for its destiny in the free world of tomorrow, our schools may be virtually compelling them to become a bunch of ratfinks." Dr. Friedenberg, with a deep mistrust of public authority, rejects government as one more agency hastening the malign centralization of American life, and though Paul Jacobs, in the thoughtful critique of the official war against poverty, refrains from anarcho-syndicalist fantasy, he places intelligent stress on the limits of federal action. Organized labor, in the view of A. H. Raskin, has lost its sense of mission and is drifting "into a steadily reducing role as either a ward of government or of industry, stripped of any real influence as a force for democratic vitality or economic balance."

Yet underground new disquietudes are at work. If labor leaders are complacent, a "latent discontent," Mr. Raskin suggests, is growing among the membership "over the emptiness of most union programs for coping with the problems of automation and corporate gigantism." If, as Harvey Swados writes, the traditional left is in decay, "there is today more excitement about socialism in this country than there has been perhaps for thirty years." Doors have been opened in the Sixties: women are engaged in a new search for identity (though Hilda Sidney Krech's account of this quest is a little banal and inconclusive); even homosexuals, says H. S. Becker, "have become more self-conscious, more organized, more willing to fight with conventional society than ever before . . . more open in their deviance, prouder of what they are."

THE new disquietude has exploded with particular force among the two groups in the new society most angrily combining desperation with aggressiveness: youth and the Negroes. In an alarming piece, Jeremy Larner discusses drugs as one means by which the young accommodate themselves to an adult world which they see "as a hostile and artificial place, full of squares who make pointless distinctions of class and race, who work at useless jobs, who give themselves pompous airs, and who try to make you as unhappy as they are themselves."

Eugene Goodheart writes of the "new apocalyptists," who exalt passion over intellect, body over mind, the perverse over the normal, and live in constant expectation "of some event of a de-

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monic and catastrophic kind that will transform their lives."

The relationship between Negro and white is explored in a variety of contexts. C. Vann Woodward brilliantly summarizes the ordeal of Negro history since emancipation, emphasizing the Negro's bad luck in gaining freedom at a time of the white man's "greatest racial arrogance, when his will could not be seriously challenged anywhere in the world and all races bowed to his rule"; the American Negro, moreover, had to face this agony as "an isolated minority newly emerged from two and a half centuries of bondage that had stripped him of his native culture and left him defenseless before his enemies." The success of the Negro in this unequal struggle, Professor Woodward argues, should be a source of pride and strength. In another brilliant essay, Nathan Glazer analyzes the impact of the Negro revolution on traditional conceptions of ethnic pluralism derived from the experience of white immigration. Howard Zinn sees the Negro militants as the only representatives in America of the world-wide revolution of the hungry and oppressed. John Oliver Killens bitterly and justifiably condemns Hollywood "as the most anti-Negro influence in this nation."

Will this explosion of disquietude bring us to new solutions? "Are there any grounds," Mr. Kronenberger asks, "for thinking that such a climate of impermanence may be impermanent itself?" Messrs. Larner and Goodheart reject drugs or apocalyptism as saving gospels. The underground man, as Mr. Goodheart puts it, is the most driven of men: "The paradox of the perverse rebel is that he is the most complete victim of the order against which he is revolting, that his revolt is itself a mark of his enslavement." In an illuminating discussion of the shift from traditional to existential visions in literature, Alfred Kazin raises the hope that, underneath their apparent nihilism, the new writers have discovered creative possibilities in their own imagination. Exhilarated by this discovery, they must collide with a society "which they think of as backward, but which is actually exciting to writers, as it is to us all, because it is the most consciously dramatic age in history. . . . We are in love with human possibility, and we will surrender our sense of ourselves to nothing, not even the limitations of art."

A salient omission in *The State of the Nation* is any reckoning of the possibilities and resources of political leadership. But, given the characteristic penchant of American radicalism for facile answers, this volume is admirable in its dismissal of panaceas, whether political or economic or cultural. The essays maintain a high level of intelligence and discrimination; the one conspicuous exception is a wail of self-pity by the Hollywood hack Dalton Trumbo, whose lamentations about the plight of liberty in the United States come with ill grace from a man who complacently defended every aspect of the suppression of liberty in Stalin's Russia. Awareness is the first step toward control. This inventory of American civilization in the 1960s conveys a vivid sense of the size and subtlety of our national perplexities.

A Chance to Catch Up to Equality

***Freedom—When?**, By James Farmer (Random House. 197 pp. $4.95), demands not only equal opportunities but "compensatory and remedial" treatment to lift the Negro out of his chronic poverty. Gertrude Samuels, a New York Times Magazine staff writer, often covers race relations.*

By GERTRUDE SAMUELS

ONCE the slogan abroad in the land was "Freedom Now." In his dedication to *Freedom—When?* James Farmer ponders: "To my father, one generation from bondage, did he understand? And my daughters, Tami and Abbey, will they understand?" But the basic question is in the present tense, dramatically addressed to Whitey.

Nearly a quarter-century ago Farmer helped to found CORE, the Congress on Racial Equality, initiating concepts of nonviolent direct action. "We were very young and idealistic," he recalls of those early days in 1942. His followers revered Gandhi, and had yet to discover that Southern sheriffs would respond to nonviolent protest with dogs and cattle-prods. CORE was small, middle-class, predominantly white; it had not yet "heard the voice of the masses."

The Montgomery bus boycott and Martin Luther King's inspired, aggressive leadership in that city changed theories and strategy overnight. Negroes began to march, to "sit in," and to go to jail for their beliefs; they began to experience the exhilaration of working out their own destiny.

The Negro revolution is now ten years old. Farmer, who became CORE's na-

(*Continued on page* 46)

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Yaks and Yeti

Horace Sutton's series on the Orient is continued this week and next by Voit Gilmore, the first director of the United States Travel Service, who is now a state legislator in North Carolina, and was recently a member of a group traveling north of India to Nepal.

HOTEL openings have been making news for decades, but never has there been an invitation like the one from their Royal Highnesses, Prince and Princess Himalaya B. B. Shah. For the hotel to be inaugurated was the royal family's new Soaltee in Katmandu, Nepal. As it happened, the Soaltee hasn't a prayer of opening in 1966, but this ultimately became incidental. Our expedition was on. And there are other hotels in Nepal.

The expedition never lacked adventure. That ingredient was supplied by Big Game Hunter John V. Coapman, a Tennesseean who "rules" a minor kingdom in South Central Nepal. He had some help from Lt. Col. James O. M. Roberts, a retired British Gurkha officer who fits out expeditions from Katmandu, the capital city, and from Pokhara, a Shangri-La village on a mirror lake seventy miles to the northwest.

These two Himalayan-style innkeepers are improving the care and feeding of Western visitors who find their way to this mountainous outback. The Terai jungle and the slopes of Everest and Annapurna can now be enjoyed by any globetrotter with an extra $300 a week to spare and a modest wardrobe for roughing it in temperatures which range from chilly to hot.

Tiger Tops Hotel, for instance, costs $118.25 for a forty-eight-hour stay. This covers the daily rate of $45 per person in a twin-bedded tree-top house, a 10 per cent service charge, the $2.75 game sanctuary entrance fee levied by His Majesty's Government of Nepal, and the $16.50 round-trip air fare charged by Royal Nepal Airlines for its twenty-five-minute DC-3 flight from Katmandu which operates on Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays between November and June.

ALTHOUGH just in its first season, Tiger Tops is gaining quick fame, as much for its exotic name (borrowed from Tree Tops in Africa) as for the experience it offers of living in close company with tigers, elephants, rhinos, crocodiles, bears, monkeys, leopards, and uncountable varieties of jungle birds.

High adventure begins as the visitor to Tiger Tops deplanes on the turf runway that was built hurriedly in 1961 when King Mahendra decided to bring his royal guests, Elizabeth and Philip, to the Terai for tiger shooting. People here still talk of that spectacle: 500 elephants and a million-dollar camp, replete with regal trappings. One tiger was bagged.

From time to time the royal family of Nepal still flies in to hunt in the 1,000 square miles of virgin jungle. The area is now a national park-sanctuary and Coapman's contract calls for his direction of the wildlife conservation program. Except for royal parties the only shooting allowed is with cameras. Coapman's agreement with the crown also includes exclusive rights to develop tourism in the area and an option to purchase two miles of jungle lying between the Nepal-Indian border and the confluence of the Reu, Rapti and Narayani Rivers.

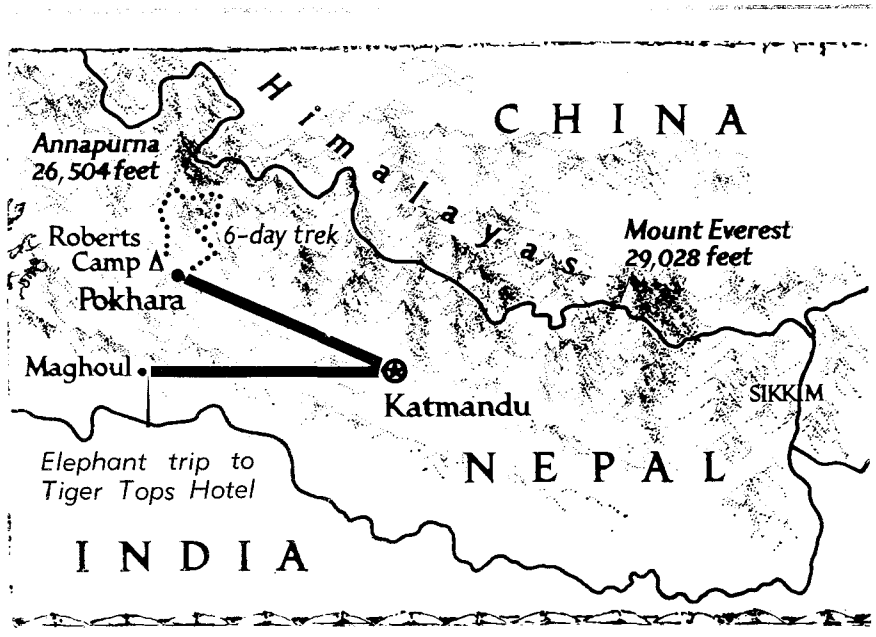
A khaki-uniformed member of Coapman's "Rhino Guard" meets guests at the air strip and bows them into a four-wheel-drive Land Rover for the first leg of the four-mile trip to Tiger Tops. Rhino Guardsmen, an elite corps of 250 Nepalese, roam the sanctuary as game protectors under Coapman's direction. The handsome, thirty-seven-year-old white hunter was reared in India by Presbyterian missionary parents and speaks local dialects with ease. He has taught the Guard not to fool around with poachers and illegal border-crossers from India. In the past year six suspicious intruders were shot dead. Their bodies, as with the bodies of low castes of neighboring villages, are thrown uncremated into the rivers, to the pleasure of the sanctuary's numerous crocodiles.

OUR Land Rover halted in a grove of banyan trees at the edge of the swirling, sandy Reu River. Three elephants knelt in the roadway to permit us to scramble up their hindquarters to saddles made of burlap sacking. We were carried, three of us and the *mahout* on each animal, down a steep bank and into the rushing current. Probing the channel bottom with his trunk, our tusked ferry inched across to a firm footing on the far side. There we had a choice of continuing the three-mile trip to the hotel via elephant (ninety minutes of rock-'n'-roll through mahogany and kapok forests) or via another Land Rover (a quarter hour's jouncing along jungle trails).

"Tiger Tops is your jungle home," says the brochure. "Its unique buildings stand twenty feet above the ground and nestle in the branches of the jungle's mighty trees. From your modern quarters you can see . . . the awe-inspiring Himalayas . . . At nightfall the mysterious sounds of the jungle present a magical overture to . . . your adventure."

All true. I spotted the soaring white summits of the Annapurna and Dhaulagiri ranges, seventy-five miles northward, stretched along the opposite border of this Tennessee-sized country. Yes, there were the haunting jungle noises, as clear as the sound track of a Tarzan thriller. And arriving at one's hotel by elephant, stepping directly from the *howdah* onto the upstairs veranda, is an experience to excite any American.

The brochure, circulated by the hotel's



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office in Dallas, can be forgiven for neglecting to mention a few things. Bathroom problems, for example. There is no hot water because the heating units, shipped via Pakistan, were held up for months by the border war. They're arriving any day now, Coapman hopes.

The walls are thin because local carpenters built the tree houses of native materials. The rattan walls separating bathrooms stop light but not sound. An enthusiastic toothbrusher is audible in four guest rooms, as are the sounds of other, less polite ablutions.

But, Allah be praised, the tap water is potable for Westerners, a virtue lacking elsewhere in Nepal. There is ice, too, an incredible luxury hereabouts. In the absence of electricity (a small electric generating plant is still enroute "somewhere") a kerosene "fridge" produces cubes for the happy hour at sundown, when Coapman's polite waiters distribute his $13-per-bottle scotch in $1-per-drink servings. Whatever is consumed at Tiger Tops, no matter how routine, has arrived via one of the world's most impossible and expensive supply routes.

Even with its lantern-lit rooms, Tiger Tops surely qualifies as Nepal's finest hotel, unless that accolade might be shared with the new Annapurna in Katmandu, or the Soaltee, whenever it opens for business. Moreover, Coapman and his Texas partners, Herb Klein and Toddy Wynn, already are planning another resort to end all resorts for Nepal. It's to be "The Everest Shangri-La," 10,000 feet up the slope of the queen of mountains, complete with air strip, heated pool, golf course, and one of the world's most spectacular panoramas.

"Terai" means savannah grasslands. Miles of dense, tall swamp growth afford daytime hideouts for tigers sleeping off their night's feast. Occasional bogs in these green fastnesses attract the rhinoceros. To find and flush out such night-prowling game the elephant is switched from cargo-bearer to bush-beater. For the excitement of an afternoon search—all part of the Tiger Tops "package"—I chose the eleven-foot-high deck of a handsome male tusker whose Hindu name means "Beloved of God." Seated side-saddle on folded burlap and holding fast to clutch ropes, my two companions and I brushed and swayed through enough high grass to qualify as jungle movie extras. At times we were awash in a swaying sea of twenty-foot grass, unable to see either sky or elephant.

Our lookout was an agile native who stood barefooted on the elephant's rump, balancing with the help of a saddle rope and straining for the sight of game. He showed us rhino wallows and tiger lairs, some dotted with fresh droppings, but the search ended disappointingly with no sightings. This is one of Coapman's problems: after such a monumental trip to reach the Terai, visitors are keenly disappointed not to see the giants of the jungle so glowingly described in the hotel folder.

Hunter Coapman has handled jungle greenhorns for years. He has developed the white hunter's air of self-assurance which soothes nervous women and creates among both sexes a sense of high adventure and comfortable danger. After our afternoon of fruitless bush-beating he drove our group to one of his ten live bait stakeouts. Pointing to a pair of mammoth tiger and tigress tracks, obviously several days old, he grew silent, squinted into the thick jungle cover, then announced in a low voice, "Tonight is the night. We'll see them."

How he divined this by squinting into the trees was never explained. But that settled it. Our group brightened. Each tiger, Coapman explained, had his own "beat." By means of droppings, scratching trees and other signs he marks his area of the jungle and will challenge any other which dares move in on it. In the sanctuary food is plentiful and most tigers there preempt for themselves a territory which they can patrol in three nights' walking; however in less favorable country the circuit might require a month or longer. Tonight, crouched noiselessly in our treetop lookout, we would see one of the great sights of the animal world: the stealthy jungle prince coming on his rounds. There would be the discovery of a succulent young water buffalo tied sacrificially to a stake by Coapman's men; the crouch and leap; a fleeting, frantic bleat of agony; then the beginning of a feast which would last Mr. Tiger for two or three nights. During the meal, Coapman said, we could shine lights and make flash photographs just so long as we remained silent.

DINNER was gay. Around the circular fireplace of the thatched-roof bar-dining room our group's mood was expectant. "Tonight is the night." About nine a hush fell as Coapman rose and said simply, "Now." Quietly we motored to the bloody rendezvous point. Coapman's flashlight cut into the jungle blackness. "Damn!" It was all the maharajah of Tiger Tops could utter. No tiger. The sacrificial water buffalo was peacefully munching its cud.

Anticlimactically, we drove to a grazing area where our headlights picked up droves of *chital,* the Nepalese spotted deer. I counted seventy-two. Also several wild pea fowl and two rabbits. We have all these back where I come from in North Carolina, and black bears to boot. But at $45 a day 11,000 miles from home, it helps the sense of adventure to at least see elephants, *mahouts* and a handsome white hunter.

—VOIT GILMORE.

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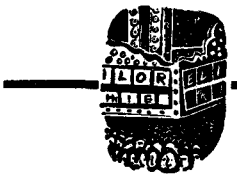

The Awards Quadrille

THERE IS a time, soon after the first of the year, when a curious madness seizes the denizens of the movie capital. All of next fall's television pilots have been completed and shipped off to Madison Avenue. Few films are in progress because California's tax laws consider any negatives, complete or incomplete, that are in the state on the first Monday in March as real (and hence taxable) property. Under the circumstances, one might expect that the period between mid-January and, say, mid-March would be a kind of doldrum, a hiatus, a welcome respite for restoration of the soul and the senses.

Not at all. Early in January, the town is flicked to quivering life by the first balloting for the Academy Awards. Everyone who feels that his picture stands a chance of winning a nomination somewhere in the Academy's twenty-six categories begins setting up special screenings, often accompanied by cocktails, buffets, or even full sit-down dinners. Local movie ads include the announcement, "Academy members and guests admitted free," and Hollywood's publicity people outdo themselves in getting space for Oscar-oriented clients.

But that is only part of it: normal routine for those in the industry, who have long since learned that an Academy Award can add hundreds of thousands of dollars to a picture's box office potential. Far more significance is attached these days to the proliferating round of award-giving luncheons and dinners. Undoubtedly, they are valued more as straws in the Academy's all-important wind than as events. When *The Sound of Music*, for example, received top honors from the Screen Directors, the Screen Writers, the Screen Editors, and the National Council of Churches, to mention but a few, it was generally assumed that the only surprise left for Academy night would be to discover that the little envelope from the Price, Waterhouse man contained *Doctor Zhivago!* And not even the people at Metro were betting that this would happen.

Although there is a growing uneasiness in Hollywood that all these awards, neatly timed to anticipate the Academy's event, are undermining Oscar's impact, the real concern is that, by sheer force of numbers, they ultimately will cancel both the pecuniary and the publicity value of *all* such awards. Everyone is willing to concede directors the right to pick the best director, the writers the best writer, and the editors the best editor. This year, however, the American Cinema Editors came in for considerable criticism for awarding "Eddies" not only for the best edited picture of the year (*The Sound of Music*), but also for the best directed film (*The Sound of Music*), the best actor, the best actress (Julie Andrews in *The Sound of Music*), and the best picture (*The Sound of Music,* again), with similar awards for television's film categories. Now it remains only for the writers to give awards to editors, and the directors to give awards to writers—a form of back-scratching not altogether unfamiliar to this industry.

So pervasive have these award ceremonies become that, if one had the pocket and the stomach for it, a really determined awards watcher need rarely eat at home during February and March. Within a single week recently, I went to three awards dinners without even half trying. And the custom is spreading far beyond the industry itself. Among the first each year now is the Hollywood Foreign Press's Golden Globe dinner (with the awards presented by the seductively titled "Miss Golden Globes"). Then there are the various religious denominations—the Catholics, the Protestants, the Jews; not to mention a new organization, the Moral Uplift Society, that has taken unto its hygienic self the task of distributing "Haloes" to the year's cleanest pictures, actors, and actresses. Apparently, none of these organizations quite trusts the mails. Awards can only be made to the accompaniment of steak and speeches. The more elaborate affairs throw in a floor show.

As a result, a whole new class of awards personalities has blossomed on the Hollywood scene—the "official accepters." More than one wit has observed that the Foreign Press will bestow a Golden Globe on just about any star or director who will come to their banquet. Now it is beginning to look as if they might have the right idea. At this year's Publicists Guild Awards Luncheon, not one of the winners was on hand to pick up his prize in person; each had dispatched his own "accepter." The Directors and the Editors had almost as much trouble, particularly since Robert Wise, the director of *Sound of Music*, is currently in Taiwan shooting *The Sand Pebbles.* (The Directors had a distinct edge, however, since Wise's "official accepter" at that function was Julie Andrews—who, in turn, sent Charmian Carr to accept for *her* at the Editors' dinner.) And being an "official accepter" at the Academy has become an honor almost as coveted as winning the Oscar oneself.

Happily, both March's dreaded tax date and Academy night passed quickly. Now everyone can return to making pictures until next January when the whole quadrille will start again.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

"Mothers. Who knows what motivates them? Love, sympathy, possessiveness, fear of inadequacy, various frustrations sublimated into the so-called maternal instinct. That sort of thing, I suppose."

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Mixed Demotion

FOR BETTER or worse the modern theater appears headed toward plays in which the plot is missing, or at least very much demoted from the all-important position it used to hold. If one looks at the best recent plays (i.e., *The Caretaker, A Man for All Seasons, Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, Chips With Everything, After the Fall, Luther, The Subject Was Roses, Hughie, Tiny Alice, Inadmissible Evidence,* and *The Royal Hunt of the Sun),* one feels that whatever plot the author has supplied is a lesser factor in the play's potential effectiveness. The richness of our theater-going experience will be determined less by suspense and resolution, than it will by atmosphere, poetry, character insight, abrasiveness, blasphemy, and above all by excitingly imaginative though not necessarily logical production moments.

The Munich Bavarian State Theater's twin bill of Goethe's *The Accomplices* and Büchner's *Woyzeck* at the New York City Center is a remarkable demonstration of how this trend may have begun. The early Goethe piece, written in 1769, is full of plot and intrigue, with marital infidelity and robbery as its staples. Yet this patently artificial work, as stylishly performed by the Munich company, now is most effective for its confrontations which show up the truer nature of the characters' professed emotions.

On the other hand, *Woyzeck,* written in 1836, represents a complete break with the old traditions. While this twenty-four-scene work has a plot of cuckoldry and murder, its more important virtues are its poetry and its use of the theater as a means of expressing exaggeratedly the ridiculousness of society's conventions. One will not soon forget the haunted but simple wisdom in Heinrich Schweiger's suffering soldier, or the beauty of Elizabeth Orth's wife longing for something shinier than her drab life. Jürgen Rose's scenery and costumes also contribute superbly to the play's eloquent fabric of socially perpetuated poverty.

* * *

A more contemporary indictment of social apathy is currently being performed on Tuesday and Wednesday nights at the Two Bleecker Street Theatre Workshop. There, with the audience seated in chairs lining three walls of a large darkened room, Arrabal's *Automobile Graveyard* is being used by imaginative director Joseph H. Dunn and a heroically masochistic cast to create a social inferno. The entire middle of the room is filled with remnants of wrecked cars, here and there made visible only by flashing lights of the sort one sees near airports. Amid this pile of junk human beings live at their rawest and lowest, and eventually the one decent human being in the place, a Christlike young man named Emanu, is tortured and killed in front of us. At the end of what may be the most grueling two-and-a-half hours ever spent in a theater, the audience is admonished by one of the actors to "Wake up!" While this production is beautifully staged and unsparingly performed it is, like *The Brig* a couple of seasons ago, a fascinating experience for about fifteen minutes, and then a relentless nightmare that continues on despite its already having made its dramatic point. Because the plot is so drowned in superior production detail it becomes a chamber of horrors only the most adventurous theatergoer will want to experience. For it is probably more intensely Theater of Cruelty than the *Marat/Sade.*

* * *

At Washington D.C.'s Arena Stage, director Edwin Sherin has executed a production of John Arden's *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance* that uses the play neither as suspense nor for the cumulative evocation of atmosphere that is so remarkably achieved in the current New York version. Indeed, these qualities do not flourish in a theater surrounded on four sides by spectators. Accordingly, the presentation here begins with a dance by the entire cast to tell us that we are watching the ritual of performance more or less for its own sake. Its point is not to discover whether Serjeant Musgrave succeeds or fails in his strange peace mission, but rather to demonstrate along the way in a heightened fashion man's essential inability to be any more immune to violence than other animals. It is a superbly artistic and dynamic ensemble effort, with its most memorable scene being the one in which the striking miners armed with sticks confront the soldiers. And oddly enough the peripheral character of Bludgeon, the Bargee, here played by James Kenny, emerges as the play's key figure, a symbol of man's appetite for violence.

While this trend leaves something to be desired for those who seek cerebral stimulation, it is a welcome corrective to prosaic plays that stir emotions only in a more calculated and superficial way.

—HENRY HEWES.

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Ratings Rumble

PALM SPRINGS, CALIF.

TELEVISION PRODUCERS, critics, labor and management executives, and international communication experts met here recently, at the Third Annual Hollywood Festival of World Television. They screened outstanding foreign programs, discussed new program trends, color film, financing and communication satellites—but the meeting's surprise conversation piece was the Nielsen ratings. A panel of nine top Hollywood television producers, openly polled, voted six to three in favor of government administration of ratings or federal regulation of the commercial rating services.

Several producers previously had listened to a luncheon address by Rex Sparger, a former staff member of a House sub-committee which investigated ratings. Mr. Sparger, a critic of Nielsen, recently attempted to demonstrate the weaknesses of "the Bible of the industry" by "rigging the ratings" of four prime-time programs. He mailed a questionnaire to homes that had Nielsen audiometers attached to their sets and offered them money to watch certain shows, thus "biasing" the sample and rendering it inaccurate. His feelings about ratings were shared by all members of the Hollywood panel. "It's a way of life," said one producer. "There are only three stores (networks) in town, and we have to do business with them."

William Dozier, producer of *Batman*, asked: "What difference does it make if the ratings aren't accurate?" At another point, he said: "TV is headed for total stagnation." David Levy, producer of *The Addams Family*, quoted a network executive who said to him: "We need in your shows more sound effects and less writing." Sparger, who is being sued by the A.C. Nielsen Company for $1.5 million for alleged interference with its business, suggested to the producers that they sue Nielsen "for interfering with your business." He plans to write a book about ratings; and he hopes to persuade Congressmen to reopen the ratings hearings, which concluded in 1963 with a gentle admonition to Nielsen to improve its methods. "The Federal Communications Commission didn't want to put the rating services out of business," he said, "and the networks were expected to demand changes, but they failed to do so. The networks never see the Nielsen sample, which is supposed to be secret—only the final figures." Nielsen has recently adopted a new national sample of 1,174 homes, but it's still a "permanent" sample—that is, the same homes are measured over and over again.

AUDIENCE sampling procedures are valid, experts agree; but at best they represent an imperfect popularity poll with many departures from the mathematical ideal. Perhaps the vote at the Hollywood World Television Festival indicates that important industry members are ready to look seriously at proposals for some sort of independent Office of Research Methodology. Undoubtedly some agency, responsive to both the U.S. Census Bureau and the FCC, could, with sufficient funds, provide a larger, changing, and more accurate sample of audience tuning; and it could also carry on continuous research to reduce bias and sampling error. Neither of these two government agencies has said anything to suggest it would welcome such an assignment. An accurate sample is half the problem, however.

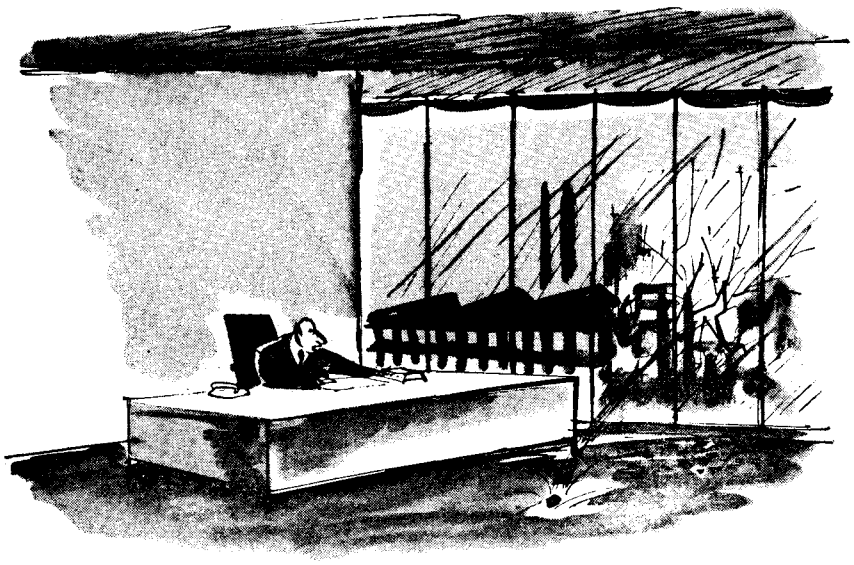
How would its figures be used? Mr. Sparger suggests that the ratings could be reported in a range, rather than as a fixed number. Instead of each program getting a 28 or a 19.5, as is done now, a rating sheet would look like this: ABC: range 13-17; CBS: 16-21; NBC: 14-18. Competitive programs, thus, would find that their ratings overlapped. This would compel the people who use the ratings to bring into play their independent judgments of the programs (they are supposed to be doing this now, but they seldom do).

The proposal holds attractions for all segments of the industry—even for the A. C. Nielsen Company. Producers would find that their programs had better chances to survive. Now their shows are cancelled—sometimes for as little as one hundreth of a rating point. One producer said: "When I was a kid, there used to be a silver medal for second place as well as a gold medal for first. There was even a bronze medal for third place. Now there's only room in television for winners." Advertising agencies and networks now use the ratings as a crutch. They tell their sponsors, "If you wish to succeed in this game, you must play by the figures. Nielsen is a vote-counter."

IF THE sponsor were not tyrannized by the numbers, he would have a broader range of programs with which to reach a wider cross-section of the audience. At present, Rex Sparger asserts, television aims at the middle mass (60 per cent. It ignores the top 20 per cent and the bottom 20 per cent). Even in the middle mass, the top and bottom 20 per cent are ignored. It is the narrowest heart of the artichoke the sponsor is getting. The public, under a range system as opposed to a fixed-point system, would have more opportunities to view programs which were silver and bronze medal winners.

As for Mr. Nielsen, he has often asserted that he loses money on his ratings service, which is merely one part of his large market research activity, albeit a prestige loss-leader. He has everything to gain by ceasing to be a target for public frustration. How long is the television industry to continue crying in its wilderness: "Nielsen is the best we can do?"

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



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YOUR WONDERFUL BABY: A Practical Approach to Baby and Child Care. By Willis J. Potts, M.D. Rand McNally. $4.95.

Personal History

COMBAT OVER SPAIN: Memoirs of a Nationalist Fighter Pilot, 1936-1939. By Captain José Larios, Marquis of Larios, Duke of Lerma. Macmillan. $6.95.

THE DELIGHTS OF GROWING OLD: An Uncommon Autobiography. By Maurice Goudeket. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.50.

THE DIARY OF ANAIS NIN. Edited by Gunther Stuhlmann. Harcourt, Brace & World. $6.95.

DIARY OF A NIGHTMARE: Berlin 1942-1945. By Ursula von Kardorff. John Day. $4.95.

THE HILT OF THE SWORD: The Career of Peyton C. March. By Edward M. Coffman. Univ. of Wisconsin Press. $10.

LBJ: A Foreign Observer's Viewpoint. By Michael Davie. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.95.

LEON BLUM: Humanist in Politics. By Joel Colton. Knopf. $10.

THE LONG, LONG TRAIL. By Virginia Weisel Johnson. Houghton Mifflin. $3.95.

THE MAKING OF A MODERN SAINT: A Biographical Study of Thérèse Lisieux. By Barry Ulanov. Doubleday. $4.95.

MAVERICK MAYOR: A Biography of Sam Yorty, Mayor of Los Angeles. By Edward Ainsworth. Doubleday. $4.95.

MY LIFE FOR BEAUTY. By Helena Rubinstein. Simon & Schuster. $6.

NJEGOŠ: Poet, Prince, Bishop. By Milovan Djilas. Harcourt, Brace & World. $10.

REMEMBER THE LADIES. By Emily Taft Douglas. Putnam. $5.50.

THREE YEARS IN MISSISSIPPI. By James Meredith. Indiana Univ. Press. $5.95.

THE UNCOMPROMISING HEART. By Françoise Mallet-Joris. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $5.50.

U THANT: The Search for Peace. By June Bingham. Knopf. $5.95.

WAPITI WILDERNESS. By Margaret and Olaus Murie. Knopf. $5.95.

WHITE HOUSE NANNIE: My Years with Caroline and John Kennedy, Jr. By Maud Shaw. New American Library. $4.95.

Poetry

AMERICAN SCENES AND OTHER POEMS. By Charles Tomlinson. Oxford Univ. Press. $3.50.

THE ART AND CRAFT OF POETRY: An Introduction. By Lawrence J. Zillman. Macmillan. $6.95.

THE DIVING BELL. By Dabney Stuart. Knopf. $4.

THE POEM OF THE MIND: Essays on Poetry, English and American. By Louis L. Martz. Oxford Univ. Press. $6.

TWO CENTURIES OF RUSSIAN VERSE: An Anthology from Lomonosov to Voznesensky. Edited by Avraham Yarmolinsky. Random House. $6.95.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

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"Freedom—When?"

Continued from page 37

tional director in 1961, has guided much of it through the era of freedom rides, sit-ins, and picket lines. The organization has grown, and has shifted from a small band of pacifists into an aggressive and interracial but basically Negro group. Headed by Negroes, it has sought to create its own centers of militant, political power.

But the ghettos, particularly in the large, rich Northern cities, remain more squalid, more rigidly segregated than ever. The threat of further explosive situations like the Watts riots still postulates, in Farmer's terms, "freedom—when?" to live in decent housing, to work at better jobs. In fact, Farmer demands not only equal treatment—he sees equal rights, equal opportunities as a "kind of cruel joke" at this late date—but what he calls a "special boost" for the Negro, that is, "compensatory and remedial" treatment to lift him out of his chronic poverty. The colored minority needs this sort of special treatment, Farmer argues, because Negro poverty is a special case within the general problem of poverty in America.

Additionally, CORE's objectives, such as job training, the elimination of slums, broad planning for honest desegregation, educational and cultural equity, must find "inside muscle"—political sophistication at the community as well as national levels. Farmer wants Negro communities to organize themselves "house by house, block by block," with the block committees developing a militant power structure to mount political action.

Most of the time the book reads like a CORE tract, lacking the moving, moody eloquence and irony of Kenneth Clark or Eric Lincoln. But the section on "Africa Revisited" (after six years), with its lean vignettes of Tshombe, Kasavubu, Nkrumah, and others, is excellent journalism. A burgeoning sense of racial pride in recent years has led Farmer (who has a white wife) to move from color-blindness to color-consciousness. He believes deeply in the American Negroes' identification with Africa, urges CORE to teach Negro history, poetry, plans, "to study the world with an eye to the history our brothers are making." All over Africa, Farmer reports, "black men made me feel as if *they* were my family."

Curiously, the loom of black consciousness has been weaving one pattern that can hardly be linked to pride in heritage. Just before Farmer resigned from CORE this year to direct a national literacy and job-training program, a CORE official shouted at a public meeting of the Mount Vernon, New York, Board of Education that "Hitler made one mistake when he didn't kill enough of you Jews." The obscenity should have triggered a sharp, immediate repudiation from Farmer, if for no other reason than to keep CORE's image from being tarnished; instead, he merely asked for an inquiry to determine the "context" in which the remark was made. One official of the American Jewish Congress resigned from the National Advisory Board of CORE, in disgust, he wrote, at "a group whose moral fiber is so flabby" as to reply so equivocally to a racist statement. Days later, after the investigation, Farmer condemned the outburst.

Freedom—When? was, of course, published before this latest anti-Semitic episode. But the Harlem riots of 1964, the Watts riots, and certainly the Malcolm X era contained the ingredient of Negro anti-Semitism. It is a sad problem that few liberals and men of good will want to discuss. One can only speculate that this is why Farmer, a sensitive man who disagreed with Malcolm's philosophy, skirted the problem in his book, and continues to skirt it.

—*Camera Press (Pix).*

James Farmer — "from color-blindness to color-consciousness."

Republican Ideals and Party Image

***The Challenge of Change,** by Edward W. Brooke (Little, Brown. 270 pp. $5.95), minces no words in pointing to the failings within the Republican Party. L. L. L. Golden, a regular Saturday Review contributor, is a long-time politician-watcher.*

By L. L. L. GOLDEN

SINCE the 1964 rout of the Republican Party political scientists and journalists have been shaking their heads like physicians over a mortally ill patient. They have pondered what seems to be the death wish of the party—its refusal to realize that this country belongs to the voters, who will go along with the party they believe will most closely serve their needs. Now coming into national view is a successful politician, the forty-six-year-old attorney general of Massachusetts, Edward W. Brooke, who in his first book discusses frankly what the realists among Republicans are willing to say only privately.

Attorney General Brooke is an unusual politician for many reasons. One of them is that he was elected against the anti-Goldwater torrent, which sent President Johnson back to the White House with fabulous public support; in Massachusetts alone he received more than a million-vote majority. Mr. Brooke is unusual in that he ran as a Republican who did not hide his label. He is unusual in that he is the highest elected Negro official in the country. And now he has announced that he is a candidate for his party's nomination for the seat in the United States Senate held by Leverett Saltonstall, who will retire this year.

Whether Mr. Brooke is chosen as his party's nominee or not, what he has to say about the causes of the sickness of the GOP is important for those who believe that the two-party system is worth preserving. And while it might seem wise to most office-holders to speak only good of the party whose button they wear, Mr. Brooke does not hesitate to attack those who have led it so badly that serious observers wonder if Republicans will ever be returned to a majority status.

To Brooke the election of General Eisenhower as President was not related to the Republican Party. It was a personal victory. With Eisenhower's refusal to use his power as President to rebuild the party in the eight years during which he could have forced it to recognize that longing for days of yore was a childish exercise, Brooke deals gently, for the General is still a folk hero. But he does not let off those who have been the makers of party opinion. And these have been "largely Republican members of the Congress—opposition leaders for the most part, who have acquired great seniority by virtue of continued re-election from long-standing Republican districts." They are the ones Brooke most severely

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censures because "their statements and votes determine what is known both to historians and the public at large as the Republican position—even if they do not faithfully reflect a genuine consensus."

At no time in his book does Mr. Brooke refuse to face his party's faults. The enormity of the last defeat is often unrecognized, and—still worse for the party's future—having had the experience of breaking a voting habit, it is going to be easier for those Republicans who sided with the Democratic Party because they could not bear to vote for Senator Goldwater to break ranks again. And when it is remembered that some leading members of the Republican Party, including half a dozen of President Eisenhower's Cabinet officers, supported President Johnson, the rebuilding job, assuming it is attempted seriously, will take many years.

What then are the Republican Party's ills? It has been myopic in foreign affairs, in civil rights, in economic thinking, in urban problems. To Mr. Brooke there has been a major loss of touch with a nation in flux; by their votes in Congress and their speeches, a handful of benighted men have destroyed the reputation of the party of Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt. Republican negativism has been overwhelming. It has driven away city voters, members of minority ethnic groups, the intellectuals, the young; it has deflected the party from the problems that beset the nation. As long as the party leadership thinks or is prepared to think only in terms of the Midwestern rural voter, the white Protestant of Anglo-Saxon origin, so long will it remain in the wilderness. Many Republicans, Mr. Brooke says, still talk abstractly of gaining new voters "without coming to grips with the fact that the new voters we are talking about are in the lower income groups" which his party seems to avoid or antagonize. According to Mr. Brooke, the Republicans' failure to reach out for the support of minority groups lost them in 1964 some 80 per cent of the votes of those who are Jewish, 75 per cent of those who are Catholic, and from 75 to 95 per cent of those who are Negro. He notes further that the party's support among Irish-Americans, Italian-Americans, and Polish-Americans is slim.

The Republican Party's loss of the intellectuals, the Massachusetts attorney general states, dates back to the early New Deal days, when they were called "pinks," "dupes," "impractical theorists," "woolly-minded professors." This was compounded by the GOP's tolerance, and in some cases encouragement, of Senator Joseph McCarthy's "persecution of professors, writers, and social scientists." Until the party wins intellectuals back, it will suffer seriously, as it will unless it attracts the urban dweller, the minorities, and the young people, most of whom feel the Republican Party is less than interested in their problems.

Mr. Brooke does not spare those who, every time a program or plan is suggested to meet the needs of the voters, cry out, "Where is the money to come from?" The party must realize that no offensive against racial oppression, poverty, and slums can succeed without increasing expenditures. Until it acknowledges that the first consideration is the abatement of the overwhelming difficulties of those who are far from the benefits of our prosperity, rather than the cost of so doing, the Republicans will remain a minority party. It will become more so with the implementation of the Supreme Court decision demanding reapportionment so that an urban vote equals a rural vote.

The basic reason, if one were to be chosen, for the failure of his party to receive popular support, Mr. Brooke writes, is that "our approach to national issues has been not only unpopular, but wrong. I think we are being rejected by the majority not because *they* are unable to understand the 'true' American values we represent, but because *we* have been unable to understand many of their problems and aspirations." It has been argued, he notes, that the answer to all this is better salesmanship, or better publicity, or better explanations of what the party stands for.

"Our principal weakness," says Mr. Brooke, "has not been poor salesmanship, but poor programs; not a poor image so much as poor leadership. We are losing elections because Republican leaders, with too few exceptions, have been reluctant to embrace, and to mold, America's social transformations during the past three decades. They appear unprepared to guide the momentous changes now taking place. Too many Republican leaders are failing to cope with too many issues that concern too many people."

Mr. Brooke's criticism of the party of his choice can do him no real harm with his constituency. What it may do is to force others to stop blaming the press, or the perversity of the voters, for their failure and to look within for the reasons why since 1932 the Republicans have held the White House for only eight years, and then only because their candidate was a man who had not been identified with the party until just before he won the nomination.

Mr. Brooke is the kind of person the Republican Party must attract and encourage if it is to have any real hope of halting the erosion of what little public backing is left for it. More like him are not only desirable, they are essential unless the GOP is willing to remain a rump group, voting against, crying havoc, wringing hands, while the Democrats continue to increase their voter support.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

CAPSULES

Herbert Gerjuoy of Morrisville, Pa., submits these original examples of the type of description that *might* be found in TV program and similar guides. It shouldn't be difficult to match each summary with one of the titles listed. Tune in on page 57.

A fired executive, disgruntled, tries to sabotage his ex-employer's new project. ( )	1. *Crime and Punishment*
Pity, you-all. ( )	2. *Lolita*
New England Boiled People. ( )	3. *The Odyssey*
Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow you may be legitimate. ( )	4. *Othello*
Consequences of carelessness in programming automatic business machines. ( )	5. *Paradise Lost*
She's 99-44/100% pure—and she floats. ( )	6. *Peter Pan*
A mixed marriage is disrupted by jealousy and insecurity. ( )	7. *Requiem for a Nun*
Embittered left-wing intellectual ruins the lives of his friends and associates. ( )	8. *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*
Causes and effects of internal combustion in an expensive British vehicle. ( )	9. *Tom Jones*
Transvestite enacts Freudian drama about fear of aging and impotence. (Not for children) ( )	10. *The Unsinkable Molly Brown*
Doting stepfather gives young girl a progressive education. ( )	11. *The Wapshot Chronicle*
Long-term traveler returns to find his wife occupied with home industries. ( )	12. *The Yellow Rolls-Royce*

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A Seasoned Sensuality

In Praise of Older Women, *by Stephen Vizinczey (Trident. 183 pp. $4.95), a best-seller in Canada, follows a Hungarian Freedom Fighter's erotic adventures from his native land to Austria, Italy, and Canada. Nicholas Samstag is the author of two new books: "Come and See My Shining Palace" and "Bamboozled."*

By NICHOLAS SAMSTAG

STEPHEN VIZINCZEY's title is demure; it is almost as if he foresaw the Supreme Court's new ruling on pornography and decided he would choose a title that would never be considered illegally provocative. It is also one that frankly woos the major market for all novels, the middle-aged woman. Judging by the photograph on the dust jacket, Mr. Vizinczey seems entirely capable of planning all this, as he does of saying to himself, "I have some fascinating and valuable things to record in my book but I'll get precious few people to read it and I'll make myself very little money unless I bait it effectively." Incidentally, he himself published the original Canadian edition, which became a best-seller.

In reading effective pornography, the eye jumps impatiently ahead of the text looking for the next carnal incident. But anyone who reads *In Praise of Older Women* that way will be missing a lot.

Not that the pornography is second-rate. The eight women who are given major treatment here by the author and his protagonist (a sexual athlete from Hungary named András Vajda) are all very different from one another. Six are Hungarian, one is Italian, one is Canadian, and all are unfamiliar enough types to the American reader to be called exotic if not bizarre. And their equipment, prejudices, and bedtime habits vary sufficiently to hold the attention of even the most dedicated admirer of the Grove Press.

But tear out the pornographic pages of this book (it would be a shame) and you still have a tale worth the reading. It chronicles twenty-five years in the life of young Vajda, who was two years old when his father was stabbed by a Nazi and who was brought up "surrounded by radiant love and a sense of absolute freedom" by his doting mother, her girl friends, and the monks of a nearby monastery. We follow András through the

Stephen Vizinczey—"intimate scenery."

1940s and into Salzburg (where at thirteen he is pimping Hungarian women to the American GIs and making $500 a week in the black market), then back across the border to Budapest, where for ten years he pursues his hobby with indefatigable interest and increasing success. He takes time off for the revolution, from which he emerges at twenty-three a full-fledged Freedom Fighter, receiving in Austria "the red carpet treatment reserved for victims of sensational disasters." From Austria he goes to Italy and from Italy to Toronto to practice his vocation as a teacher and his avocation as a womanizer.

Vizinczey's descriptions of Budapest under the Russians—the stealthy gossip in public parks, the festering slums, the perpetual fear of the secret police—have a quality of horrifying simplicity about them. There is a forced parade; it is a blustery day, and in the ranks is a too little man carrying a huge picture of Rákosi. When the wind finally twists it out of his hands, he smashes the damned thing and cries, "I'm fed up with that ugly mug! Bald-headed gangster! The one day I could sleep on and they drag us out in the streets! . . . He's a Russian stooge! You hear? He's a murderer!" As the uniformed men lead him away he begins to whimper, "It was too heavy, comrades, that was the only reason. . . . ."

The flight before the Russians into Western Germany is a series of grim and revealing vignettes. "When one sees too many corpses," András says, "one loses inhibitions about living bodies." There are many sensitive and vivid glimpses. Upon his arrival in Rome, an honored Freedom Fighter, he is put up in a luxury hotel and given his choice of fine clothes. "Struggling through the crowd with my spoils, I noticed a thin, dark bellboy staring at me with contempt and revulsion. There I was, a foreigner, picking the best of everything for nothing. Had anyone ever asked him what *he* could use? I felt guilty and, at the same time, was overcome with a cozy sense of satisfaction at my own good luck."

Many of the observations about sex and women are not at all pornographic. András observes that boys and girls should leave each other alone because trying to make love with someone as unskilled as you are yourself is asking for trouble and disappointment, that "the idea that you can love only one person at a time is the reason most people live in confusion," that "the mother of little children is going through the greatest crisis of her life," losing her husband's interest while working herself into exhaustion, that having freed ourselves from a code of behavior in sexual matters, we submit to a code of motivation even more punishing, and that young girls are cruel, captious, ignorant, and not worth a man's time or attention.

In *SR*, March 26th, Rollo May discussed "the banalization of sex and love," observing that "the Victorian person sought to have love without sex, and the modern person seeks to have sex without falling into love." For all his skill at painting the details of intimate scenery, in the end Mr. Vizinczey succeeds only in banalizing for his reader both sexual intercourse and the tender passion, although he does not seem to have done so for himself. The feeling of urgency that flogs the reading eye onward in a piece of effective pornography comes from several sources. Perhaps, in the mature, it is not only the pleasure of an imagined sexual encounter and the hope that we will be shocked or at least surprised, but also a gleeful kind of curiosity about where the performers will go, what the protagonist will do after *that*.

What are the hero's final words when he finishes with Maya, Ilona, Zsuzsa, Boby, Mici, Nusi, Paola, and Ann—after he leaves behind him his fifteen years of repetitive experience in masturbation, coitus, fellatio, cunnilingus, frigidity, obsessive virginism, and the pitifully few additional variations on those ancient themes? With what final, philosophical thought does he leave his readers as András flees into Western Canada from his latest woman, the erotomanic Ann?

"Saskatoon didn't turn out to be as quiet as I had thought, nor was I quite ready yet to sit down and grow old. But the adventures of a middle-aged man are another story."

They are indeed—and in this case, we suspect, not a very different one.

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Daisy and the Philistines

***The Sweet Birds of Gorham,** by Ann Birstein (McKay. 212 pp. $3.95), presents a young college teacher who rebels against father, lover, boss, and community in her desperate search for self-fulfillment. Samuel I. Bellman, of California State Polytechnic College at Pomona, writes frequently on contemporary fiction.*

By SAMUEL I. BELLMAN

THIS is the third novel by Ann Birstein (Mrs. Alfred Kazin); the book jacket calls it "a wonderfully wicked satire on Academia, with a heroine few will forget." This judgment, as well as the fantastic blurbs by Truman Capote, Mark Schorer, and Jules Feiffer, etc., is quite misleading.

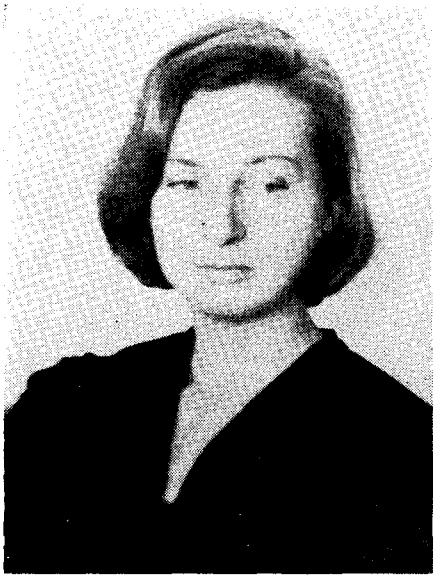
Daisy Lerner is a twenty-two-year-old girl escaping from the New York materialism of her rich parents (her father is a furrier) and her complacently married sister. With only a B.A. and a published novelette to her credit she accepts a job teaching English at Gorham College for Females, a rundown rural academy somewhere in New England, and tries to fit into the shabby-genteel environment that is so different from her own. No prissy prude for all her maidenly appearance, Daisy has already had two lovers, and, to paraphrase the Wife of Bath, "Welcome the nexte, whan that evere he shal."

The story is basically about Daisy's relationship with "the nexte": forty-one-year-old George Auerbach, Gorham's Poet in Residence. Openly, insistently, and continually she yields herself up to him, and finally he becomes quite as tired of this conjugation as the weary reader. What makes her decide to give him up, however, is not his cooling off nor his being already married. Daisy has simply discovered that George has conducted an affair with a well-known campus wife.

We are apparently supposed to empathize with Daisy, who is not so much a misfit in New York and Gorham (incidentally, she is writing a fearsome exposé of Gorham and all its denizens) as practically the only noble, sensitive soul to be found anywhere. Pathos marks her sad young life: "As always when [she] was waiting for something very hard she was absent when it finally came." And, as she tells Auerbach in her dramatic renunciation speech, "I came here to embrace the world. I embraced you by mistake."

There is often a kind of wistful charm in such a youthful work as this, with its overtones of *The Sorrows of Young Werther*, its lavishing of attention and love on the betrayed and injured young protagonist lost among clods and philistines, in the words of a familiar cliché.

What is the author really trying to do here, besides make the reader think of Daisy and pity her most generously? There is a weird subplot about some infected birds; there is also a strange sickbed confession. Perhaps all this reflects a picture of the corrupt small town that even the noblest of heroines need not allow herself either to become contaminated by or bother to try to save.



Ann Birstein—"a youthful work."

The Gods of New Zealand: Retold by Antony Alpers, *Maori Myths and Tribal Legends* (Houghton Mifflin, $6.50) is a sensitive rendering of a literature little known to the West, offering an insight into a civilization that carved a vision of life alive with poetry. The Maoris, a Polynesian people who stilll inhabit the two islands of New Zealand, have created a mythological world akin to that of the ancient Greeks: sky, sea, wind, moon, and sun embroider the whole fabric of an imaginative explanation of life. Their creation story itself is perhaps one of the most inspired to be found in any literature. It is a chant that begins by telling how before there was light there was darkness and night, *Te Po*, and before this "Great Night, Long Night, . . . Intensely Dark Night, Gloom-laden Night, Night to be Felt, the Night Unseen," there was *Te Kore*, the Nothingness.

> From the nothing the begetting,
> from the nothing the increase,
> from the nothing the abundance,
> the power of increasing, the living breath:
> it dwelt with the empty space,
> it produced the sky which is above us.

From this and other myths one gets a brief glimpse into the richness of the Maori language—a language that is full of poetic connotations and subtleties. In retelling these tales Mr. Alpers has kept the poetical and the very human qualities of the myths ever-present.

Characters such as the god Maui, the clever trickster who pulled a fish from the sea, now known as New Zealand, or the god Tawhaki, who lived for awhile on earth but one day went to the top of a hill, took off his clothes, and then reclothed himself in lightning, are a memorable part of a unique mythology.

The illustrations by the New Zealand artist Patrick Hanly are a perfect blend of Maori and Western art, making this a handsome as well as a well-written book. —RICHARD LEWIS.

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PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

Look for the action and you're likely to find Sally Belfrage, the pretty, blonde, freckled author of *Freedom Summer* (Crest, 75¢). Ever since she was born twenty-nine years ago at the corner of Hollywood and Vine ("There used to be a hospital there"), she has managed to be at the world's busiest intersections. In 1957 a trip to Russia led to a book, *A Room in Moscow*, and a job with a publishing house. Since then Miss Belfrage has lived on an Israeli kibbutz and in Spain and England. In the summer of 1964 she traveled with hundreds of other civil rights workers to Mississippi. She ran a library, registered voters, and sweated out some days in a cramped jail cell. In *Freedom Summer* she describes in detail what it was really like. "I went mostly because I couldn't not go," she said recently in her New York apartment. "I came back twenty pounds lighter and with lots of cavities. All those soft drinks and fried foods."

For Miss Belfrage social protest was nothing new. In Britain she marched with Ban-the-Bomb groups. "When I came back to this country I was struck by how pathetic our protesting was here. Only a few young kids and old people. Now it's all changed. That's one of the great things that happened that summer in the South."

That Batman has hit the American scene harder than anything since 007 is no news; ask any seven-year-old. The Caped Crusader and his sidekick, Robin, have invaded everything from pop art posters to packaged costumes. *Batman* (Signet, 50¢) offers the Dynamic Duo's choice adventures in a "collector's edition." The creator of this American folk hero is an affable, fiftyish New Yorker, Bob Kane, who has been drawing the Masked Avenger since 1939. "Of course, children like Batman," he says. "He appeals to their love of gadgetry and adventure. Adults admire physical prowess, like Douglas Fairbanks of the old days." Kane's own childhood heroes were Dick Tracy, Flash Gordon, and Barney Google, but he also liked the Shadow and the film version of Mary Roberts Rinehart's *The Bat*. Nonplussed by Batman's renewed popularity, Kane remarked: "Americans always want an escape into a world of fantasy, away from wars, taxes, reality. They always want a popular ideal, a Sinatra, a Mickey Mantle, a comic-strip idol like Batman." He added, modestly, "or Superman."... Speaking of the latter strongboy brings us to a spoof on the camp comic rage, *The Great Society Comic Book* (Pocket Books, $1), in which a Super LBJ soars to a better world.

What's new: Atheneum Press has been making a bold effort to pierce the bamboo curtain by publishing an impressive roster of China studies, including *A Documentary History of Chinese Communism* ($3.45) and Harold R. Isaacs's *The Tragedy of the Chinese Revolution* ($2.95), originally issued in hardcovers by Harvard and Stanford University Presses respectively. . . . A big foreign policy reappraisal is *Peace in Vietnam* (Hill & Wang, 95¢), prepared by an eight-man study group for the American Friends Service Committee. It calls for a cease-fire and a top-level conference. The report, which has attracted a good deal of attention, has been distributed to all members of Congress for home reading. . . . Lest anyone feel too smug about our renewed prosperity, Seymour Melman's *Our Depleted Society* (Delta, $2.25) tersely reminds us of the drawbacks of a cold-war economy. . . . That season's here again, and for those who total batting averages and check off the line-ups *Major League Baseball—1966* (Pocket Books, 95¢) has all the dope. At least so we're told. . . .

The brilliantly original Flannery O'Connor, who died last year at the age of thirty-nine, has had two posthumous bouquets. Critic Stanley Edgar Hyman has written the perceptive and appreciative *Flannery O'Connor* (65¢) for the new University of Minnesota Press's American Writers series. And though Katherine Anne Porter received the 1965 National Book Award for Fiction, a special citation honored Miss O'Connor. —ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Fiction

The contemporary beat in American fiction is nowhere so emphatic as in Jack Kerouac's *Desolation Angels* (Bantam, 95¢). Once again Kerouac's on the road. This rambling path follows a beatnik pilgrimage from California to Europe, where, under the influence of dope and sex, his characters (only slightly disguised Kerouac pack members) muse upon the nature of existence—their own and that of the squares they encounter. Compared to Kerouac, Norman Mailer is a kind of straight man. *Advertisements for Myself* (Berkley, 95¢) is a candid, sometimes funny, often obtuse portrait of an honest, searching man. His newest novel, *An American Dream* (Dell, 95¢), comes closer to being a nightmare about love and death and indifference to both.

Shirley Mevzinsky's first novel, *The Edge* (Dell, 60¢), has the effect of one long, piercing scream. It's a boldly effective account of one day in the disintegration of a well-educated, well-fed, and well-loved American suburban housewife. Such matters as the icicle climate of suburbia also interest Richard Yates in *Eleven Kinds of Loneliness* (Bantam, 75¢), some expert short stories that are as painfully of our times as the author's first novel, *Revolutionary Road*, just reissued (Bantam, 75¢).

Among other choice collections is a highly selective book called simply *Stories* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $1.95), containing tales that John Cheever, Jean Stafford, William Maxwell, and Daniel Fuchs have designated as their best. The writers are closely associated with *The New Yorker*, in whose pages all but two of these stories originally appeared. Editor William Peden states that the criteria used for this anthology were "intelligence, urbanity, and careful craftsmanship." The same might be applied to at least a dozen of the selections in *The Best American Short Stories 1965* (Ballantine, 75¢), by authors such as Isaac Bashevis Singer, Peter Taylor, and, again, Jean Stafford. Less than perfect but still good to have in print is *A Haunted House and Other Short Stories* (Harvest, $1.35),

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a posthumous collection of works by Virginia Woolf, assembled by her husband, Leonard Woolf.

Latin America

Before we get into the new books about Latin America, everyone please turn to *The Portable Prescott* (Viking, $1.85), compiled by Irving Blacker from the great nineteenth-century North American historian William Hickling Prescott's massive volumes *Ferdinand and Isabella, The Conquest of Mexico, The Conquest of Peru,* and *Philip II,* comprising *The Rise and Decline of the Spanish Empire,* a chronicle written in terms of such bold men as Cortez, Pizarro, and Montezuma. There is also Irving A. Leonard's *Baroque Times in Old Mexico* (Ann Arbor, $1.95), which recaptures the velvet and gold splendor of the seventeenth century.

Tad Szulc's *Latin America* (Atheneum, $1.65) gives the impression that its pages were rushed to the presses as they were ripped from the typewriter. Mr. Szulc, the *New York Times*'s correspondent in Latin America, talked with Castro, followed Nixon's ill-fated caravan through Venezuela, and covered the Dominican Republic revolt. A quick, concise look at history in the making.

In *Ten Keys to Latin America* (Vintage, $1.65) Frank Tannenbaum sifts problems of race and religion, the influence of Castro, and current political and economic problems in an attempt to identify the basic structure of Latin American society. *Latin American Politics,* edited by Robert D. Tomasek (Anchor, $1.95), examines the military, student activity, and diverse cultures in twenty-four studies of the contemporary scene. John J. Johnson's *The Military and Society in Latin America* (Stanford University Press, $2.95) points out the importance of the army during past centuries as well as its relationship to developing democracy.

The American Negro

Novelist Robert Penn Warren went South to find out for himself about what C. Vann Woodward has called "the greatest American social upheaval of this century." His *Who Speaks for the Negro?* (Vintage, $1.95) reports "the death of Sambo" and the birth of a new activism in the Negro community. Samuel Lubell has also traveled and talked across the country. The revised and updated edition of his *White and Black* (Harper Colophon, $1.60) includes reflections on the overwhelming rejection of Goldwater in the 1964 election. For all the foot-dragging in Southern centers, Lubell hopefully avers that most citizens accept the idea of equality under the law. In *The Troublesome Presence* (Mentor, 75¢) Eli Ginzberg and Alfred S. Eichner trace the background of three and a half centuries of Negro subjugation: the Civil War, the reconstructed but unreconciled South, the various attempts through the years to write the Negro off the national record, down to World War II, when the enrollment of the Negro in the armed forces provided him with hitherto unknown opportunities.

Among the most forceful books exploring race relations is *The Negro Mood* (Ballantine, 60¢), by Lerone Bennett, Jr., an *Ebony* editor who states eloquently if somewhat turgidly: "The long white solo is over . . . a dialogue of a black I and a white Thou must now begin, a dialogue between two individuals confronting each other in all their concretion and facticity, in community, if possible, but in conflict, if necessary."

Then there is Martin B. Duberman's *In White America* (Signet, 60¢), a simple but often effective drama of Negro history from slavery to protest marches, including in its panoramic cast everyone from Thomas Jefferson to Father Divine.

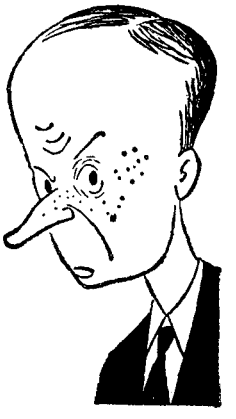
"America on a spree" is Malcolm Cowley's term for those years between World War I and 1930, while Bruce Catton remembers them as "the gaudiest, the saddest, and the most misinterpreted era in modern history." In *The Twenties* (Essandess, $1.95), a paperback edition of *American Heritage*'s commemorative issue, the best and the worst of the Jazz Age are respectfully, nostalgically recreated in text and photographs of such figures as Valentino and H. L. Mencken, Al Capone and Charles Lindbergh, Clarence Darrow and Scott Fitzgerald.

Harold Ross as *The New Yorker*'s cover boy.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

H. L. Mencken

Gloria Swanson



Sinclair Lewis

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Poetry

Continued from page 20

be read rather than listened to by Americans it would only strike me after a good deal of reflection that the poem, as idiom, in print would *look* different from an American poem.

In fact there are poems by Charles Tomlinson, Denise Levertov, and Thom Gunn which, on the printed page, look as much English as they do American, or vice versa. And when I read the poetry of my American colleagues, the language does not strike me as particularly different from English, unless the poet is being deliberately colloquial. On the printed page, most American poetic idiom seems basically Anglo-American—as, since 1945, a good deal of English poetry seems to have become. The highly individualistic language of Pound, Wallace Stevens, or Robert Lowell seems the result of their personality being imposed on this general idiom rather than of their being colloquially American.

THE idea that there is a common Anglo-American idiom is particularly attractive to English poets who cross the Atlantic and feel that they will be received in America as American poets, almost, with that little extra which comes from a British accent. All the same, the idea is largely illusory, and the more poets read their poems to audiences the more this becomes apparent. Poetry is spoken, as well as written and set up in type. And it is when it is spoken that the difference between the English and the American, often unnoticeable in print, becomes striking. Then it becomes clear that idiom is not just a matter of phraseology, grammar, order of words, etc., in which American poets, belonging more in some ways to the whole tradition of English literature than to current colloquial American speech, write. It is also—and perhaps more significantly—a matter of how sentences are spoken, the rhythms, emphases, stresses of American speech. Thus a poet like Frost, whose poetry reads almost like that of Edward Thomas, speaks quite differently from any English poet.

When the English read American verse to themselves they impose on it an English scansion, just as when I read a line of Racine—*"Vénus toute entière à sa proie attachée"*—I tend to stress it as an iambic Shakespearean line. Paradoxically—and also inevitably—the frequent reunions of British and American poets have stressed the difference they notice in each other's different ways of reading aloud. And as a consequence of this there is a feeling among young American poets—James Dickey has written of this—that American poets write too much according to the look of Anglo-American poetry on the printed page, and not enough in accordance with their American ear.

William Carlos Williams, Charles Olson, and other American poets have centered the revolt against English influences on a revolt against blank verse. The reason they have done this is because they see the blank verse line, which has become almost mechanically habitual to English poets, as the agency or infection that brings American poetry under the thrall of the English ear. Fundamentally what William Carlos Williams was in search of was a basic unit for American poetry, the key to all surrounding lines like the English unit of blank verse, only different. Perhaps such a line would be syllabic rather than stressed, for American becomes more and more a tonal language in which emphases are made for interpretation and to point meaning, and are not metronomically regular.

WILLIAMS suspected that modern English poets base their rhythms on listening to the whole body of past English poetry. He wished to release American poetry from the spell of generations of English rhythm. For him, the distinction between English and American modern poetry was that "there are many more *hints* toward literary composition in the American language than in England, where they are inhibited by classicism and good taste." Different as his attitudes are from those of Frost, he writes here in words that Frost might have approved: "Where else can what we are seeking arise but in speech? From American speech as distinct from English speech. In any case (since we have no body of poems comparable in the English) from what we *hear* in America. Not, that is, from a study of the classics, not even the American 'classics'—the dead classics—which may I remind you we have *never heard* as living speech. No one has, or can hear them as they were written any more than we can hear Greek."

This raises the interesting possibility that the English did not *listen* to their own language spoken so much as the Americans do because, until recently at any rate, English, spoken or written, had a standard of correctitude deriving from class. There was little to listen for except the "proper accent." There are signs that since 1945 a new English accent, partly "working class," may emerge in England. (Young English actors speak a different English from all those knights and dames of the stage, their seniors.) If there is a new English in England it will be different from American, and may result in a new English poetry as independent of the American as America has become of England.

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Realism

Continued from page 28

guistic ability to everyone we come in contact with but ourselves is displayed in science fiction offerings of the *Outer Limits* or *Twilight Zone* type, where all sorts of visitors from outer space have taken the precaution to learn our language before setting out on their interplanetary wanderings. How did the boys from Mars know that they were going to come down on English-speaking territory? Don't any of them ever learn Russian, or Spanish, or Chinese by mistake?

One of the most effective devices, combining convention with realism, appeared in *The Last Bridge*. Here the action involves Yugoslav partisans and German occupation forces. By unspoken convention, the Germans are equated, for purposes of an English-speaking audience, to American GI's, and speak among themselves a straight GI English. The Yugoslavs, on the other hand, invariably talk among themselves and even sing in Serbo-Croatian, which does not interfere with the action. The personal plot revolves around the partisan leader and a German woman medical officer whom his men have captured, and whose professional services are needed. They use the English which is conventionally the equivalent of German. It is not unreasonable for the partisan leader, evidently a man of fair education, to know German, which in any event is fairly widespread in Yugoslavia. The picture does not jar.

The cover-up and fade-out device is seldom used. This is unfortunate, because it is altogether effective in creating the illusion of reality and easing acceptance of the convention. In one picture dealing with the invasion of the Roman Empire by the barbarians, which I saw many years ago, the voice of the Roman historian Tacitus is heard, describing the Germanic tribes in his own original Latin. It quickly fades out and is replaced by an English translation, but the audience is properly alerted to the fact that what they subsequently are going to hear is supposed to be Latin. Curiously, this method, so seldom employed in anything fictional, is if anything overused in news reports, where we are barely allowed to hear the very first words uttered by Khrushchev in Russian or de Gaulle in French before the speaker's voice is covered by the translator's. This jars one person out of a hundred, and it is my luck that I am that one. The other ninety-nine would be far more grievously jarred if the translator did not quickly come to their rescue. In certain programs of a semi-educational nature, the cover-up is even more effectively used. In "The Signing of the Magna Charta" on Walter Cronkite's *You Are There*, I, disguised as the court clerk, read off the original Latin version of the document, being covered up most of the time by the translator, but coming to the fore again and again in the course of the reading so that a perfect illusion could be sustained.

The issue of linguistic realism hardly comes into play in the case of foreign films, spoken in their original tongues, with or without English subtitles. The criticism is often voiced that the written subtitle flashed across the bottom of the screen translates less than half of the utterances, and poorly at that. For this there is not much help, since the spoken word far outdistances writing in speed.

Realism again comes into play in the widespread advertising on radio and TV carried out wholly or partly in foreign languages. Here it is a moot question whether the basic idea in the Madison Avenue mind is snob appeal, appeal to foreign groups in our midst, or a blend of both. What must be cheerfully admitted is that such advertising is generally done not only with intelligence and good taste, but with remarkable accuracy. Toothpaste commercials featuring French, Spanish, Italian and Hawaiian scenes, complete with native speakers, macaroni commercials displaying pasta products being cooked in the interior of Florentine palaces, beer commercials showing Poles and Germans, Italians and Puerto Ricans, Swedes and French Canadians disporting themselves in native dances and songs as they imbibe their supposedly favorite beverage, are all done with a maximum of skill and precision, even to the voice of the English-speaking announcer who informs you that in New York there are more Hungarians than in Mohács and Eger combined, and pronounces both place names with absolute accuracy.

One last facet of linguistic realism applies to our own language and forms part of a much broader picture. Should Shakespeare be put into modern dress for what concerns language? Should the language of the King James Bible be brought down to date? In like manner, if a producer is doing a spectacular that deals with Richard the Lion-Heart, King John and Robin Hood, should an antiquated, stilted language be used, or are we justified in expecting twentieth-century locutions? The argument in favor of modernization is that since Falstaff and Robin Hood are supposed to be speaking the colloquial, even the slang, of their period, the proper way to achieve realism is to use the colloquial and slang of ours, thus rendering the spirit rather than the letter. The counter-argument runs that there is something highly incongruous about a Little John attired in Lincoln green yelling out to his comrades: "Hey, you guys, get a load of this!", even though this may be the present semantic equivalent of the "Look ye hither, my lads!" of the late twelfth century.

Combine time spread with language differences, as when Richard and Saladin meet in *The Crusades* and give each other samples of their prowess as swordsmen while they converse freely and easily in twentieth-century Hollywoodese, and you have a real problem.

It is perhaps fortunate, on the whole, that the average man worries as little as he does about language and its far-flung implications.

"No, I'm not the Bogey-man. I'm your father."

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Peace Corps

Continued from page 18

proposed anything other than a corps of "volunteers," aware that volunteers are guardians of spirit. I am sure that a Peace Corps of salaried workers would not have been the Peace Corps we have today. I doubt that it would have been the Peace Corps that Thailand's Foreign Minister, Thanat Khoman, called "the most powerful new force in the world today."

So we never planned anything other than a corps of "volunteers." Allowances were pegged to give Volunteers living standards like those of the people among whom they would be living. They would lead Volunteers to sharing in the local life in such little ways as bargaining in the markets and riding buses instead of driving their own automobiles. Unlike salaries, allowances could be fitted to local conditions and would be different around the world. As it turned out, they varied widely – from $40 a month in the remoter barrios of the Philippines to $160 a month in Ghana, the latter a bill that Ghana picks up.

Voluntarism also meant that Peace Corps men and women could quit at any time. Obviously, a contradiction would follow from a "Volunteer" working somewhere against his will. In one case, in 1962, a Volunteer stepped off the plane, took one look at his prospective country and took the next plane back home—at his own expense. That example marked an extreme. Nevertheless, the Peace Corps had strong reasons beyond the requirements of logic for keeping voluntarism truly voluntary. These reasons were involved, again, with the spirit of enterprise. Peace Corps work, properly done, requires such zeal that no one could be made to do it—or hired to do it. The effort has to come from the heart.

Voluntarism could well mean amateurism. From the outset, we intended to send trained Volunteers. They would speak the languages of the nations or districts in which they would serve. The Peace Corps has since offered instruction in fifty-seven languages, at least thirty-six of which had never before been taught in the United States except by private tutors. (Sixteen additional languages were scheduled for 1966, *none* of which ever before has been offered in the United States.) Volunteers would be made familiar with the history and customs of the nations in which they would serve. They would receive refresher instruction in their job skills.

Training programs, lasting at least twelve weeks, have come to mean that prospective Volunteers have twelve weeks in which to think it over. Training thus helps guarantee voluntarism. Those in training are encouraged to quit with no loss of face if they come to the conclusion that they can't give their coming jobs their last ounce of allegiance and dedication.

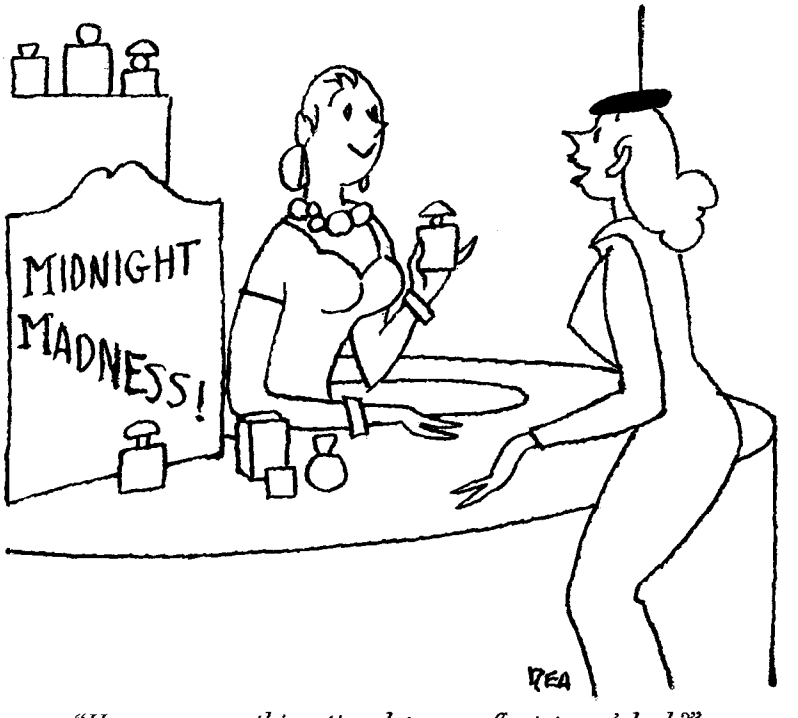
The first principle, voluntarism, leads directly to the second, peace. I insisted that we keep the name suggested by President Kennedy, Peace Corps, out of my conviction that peace is the final goal of Peace Corps effort. I agree that it sounds almost absurd to put the matter so baldly. Or if not absurd, ostentatious. Or even worse, in Washington, naïve. I think this is because the word "peace" has been brutally misused. Frankly, I agreed with that point when we were arguing about the name of the new agency. But I thought we should recapture the term, or liberate it, so to speak. I thought we should be able to use "peace" without sounding like propaganda, metaphor, or corn.

The fact is that I can't visualize the elimination of war except through a grand effort in which the Peace Corps plays an essential part. By "peace," I mean more than the elimination of war; I mean also the positive promotion of the arts of peace leading to the fullest possibilities for the life of the individual man. The grand effort to enhance life's possibilities is carried on by many people in many ways. It is perhaps the mark of our times that government also participates. The War on Poverty, the foreign aid program, the Peace Corps, the support of private efforts—these are some of the ways in which government participates.

THIS is what the Peace Corps is all about. The other things—its efforts to raise living standards, its assaults on disease—are way stations on the road to peace and a richer life. In the past five years, inside the Peace Corps, the practical things often captured our attention, schedules and programs, and we sometimes seemed to forget about peace. Yet we always remembered that the Peace Corps would never send well drillers to Africa just to drill wells. Peace Corps well drillers are expected to join those who in many ways light candles against the darkness.

In May 1961, with the Peace Corps two months old, I set off to visit nine countries in Africa and Asia. I wanted to tell the government leaders of these countries that we were in business, get their reaction to the Peace Corps idea, and find out what sort of Volunteers they would want—if any. The trip revealed I needn't have worried on the last point, even though all the "experts" before the trip advised us that youthful Americans—"kids" as they called them—should be kept at home, not let loose to complicate work of experienced diplomats, economic development workers, bankers, businessmen, missionaries, *et al.* I was told everywhere that skilled Volunteers were wanted. Requests for Volunteers immediately exceeded the capacity of the Peace Corps to supply them. And that's true now just as it was then. I was also told that our Volunteers would have to have spirit and dedication as well as intelligence and good will. On this score, I encountered skepticism about young Americans.

U Nu was then Prime Minister of Burma. In Rangoon, he asked me, "Do you think you can send me a young man from Kokomo, Indiana, and that he will have the dedication, the determination, the sense of mission of someone



"Have you anything timed to go off at ten o'clock?"

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Joy...

. . . is to behold the growth of a child.

. . . to sign a report card and know that your child has done well,
. . . to watch the dependence of a baby develop into the independence of adulthood,
. . . to lend a helping hand when needed,
. . . to know that the world is a better place for someone because of you,
. . . to know that you have shared your good fortune with others less fortunate.

There are many fine agencies in the world who care for children in general, but The Pearl S. Buck Foundation is the only agency whose present *sole* concern is the education and general welfare of those children whose fathers are American servicemen and whose mothers are Asian women. Officially, these children do not exist. Literally, there are thousands of them. In the family-centered societies of Asia, the child legally belongs to the father and not to the mother. With their fathers gone now, unless we help, there is little chance for education or future employment. In fact, in many cases there is little hope of survival.

Why should we care? Already communists are saying, "Look what the Americans leave behind them" and "What are they doing about it with their high ideals?"

Pictures and letters to you from a child across the sea can bring new joy to your life, and the satisfaction of knowing that you are assuming a share of the responsibility that is at least partly American. There are many ways in which you can help these children.

Whatever way you choose to help, let it be now, I beg of you. The years between birth and adulthood are swift and few. The earlier a child can be helped, the better the chance for a normal lifetime.

Sincerely yours,

Pearl S. Buck

THE PEARL S. BUCK FOUNDATION

Dept. SR44, P. O. Box 2137, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19103

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I will pay $15 a month ($180 a year) ☐ monthly ☐ yearly

I enclose my first payment of $..... Please send me the child's name, story, address, picture.

I cannot support a child but wish to give $.....

☐ Please send me more information about the other support and education plans.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....ZIP CODE.....

Your contribution to The Pearl S. Buck Foundation is tax-deductible.

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Come to the U.N.

A trip to United Nations Headquarters can be educational and inspirational. What's more, it's fun.

We're not sure the young visitor at the left knows it, but talking to the Japanese Attaché and the Mali Representative is United States Ambassador to the UN, Arthur Goldberg. (2,000 representatives of 117 countries work at the UN, plus 3400 Secretariat employees. They're often on the job 14 hours a day.)

21,000 visitors come to United Nations Headquarters every week. Guided tours start every 10 minutes, 9:15am to 4:45pm, 7 days a week. Tours cost $1.25 for adults, 50¢ for children and students, are conducted by lovely guides from 36 countries, last one hour, and will fill many letters home.

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from Communist China? Make no mistake about the kind of person you will be competing with." I replied to him, "Yes, our Peace Corps people will be dedicated. They will believe in and live up to the best principles of American democracy." I said that before anyone had ever seen a Volunteer.

I SAW the newborn Peace Corps as a remarkable kind of society. Its membership would change every two years. Any Volunteer would never see more than a small per cent of his fellows. "We might be 'strangers when we meet,'" I was told by Tom Scanlon, a Volunteer in the first Chile program, "and yet one Volunteer will instantly feel a bond with another." Others have suggested to me that the Volunteers—and the Volunteers of the other Peace Corps style organizations of other nations—form an aristocracy of the spirit. Strange aristocrats—they demonstrate their nobility by their determination to improve the quality of life in the African bush, the high Andes, the deserts of Iran—and even in the slums of Chicago.

When we were organizing the Peace Corps, John Kenneth Galbraith said to me, "Sarge, you should put an absolute ceiling of $10,000 on staff salaries." I agreed with him that our staff people, especially those overseas, wouldn't be effective if they were psychologically cut off from Volunteers by a luxury curtain. For instance, we couldn't tell Volunteers to stay out of overseas PX's and then let our staff people shop there. At the same time, I wanted the best staff members I could get, men and women who would probably have family and many other obligations. I decided not to go along with Galbraith on the salary ceiling, but at the same time, I didn't want our overseas staff to be hindered in its work by the full ticket of foreign service perquisites. The bureaucrats told us we had to take all or nothing. A Peace Corps lawyer, William Josephson, was a veteran of the foreign aid program and knew his way around the Government—although he was only twenty-six years old. Josephson found a way for us to pick and choose, to take Foreign Service ratings and reject hardship allowances or air conditioning.

All in all, Josephson developed quite a list of items we were able to reject. Besides air conditioning, the list included PX privileges, diplomatic immunity, extra pay for serving in "hardship posts," fancy automobiles, luxurious housing in American "diplomatic compounds," and an office inside the U. S. Embassy.

LAST year, a long campaign paid off with the introduction of another principle of voluntarism into Peace Corps staff work. This was the elimination of Civil Service tenure for Peace Corps administrators. Most of the staff was transferred, with its agreement, to the Foreign Service on thirty-month appointments, renewable once only for a total of five years. As I saw it, this brought the staff into line with the Volunteers, who enter the Peace Corps for a twenty-seven-month period of service and can re-enlist once. Not everyone in Washington saw it this way. To some, we had generated a quiet but significant change in the principles of federal employment. Others charged us with hauling out the wreckers. Whatever we had done, it was essential to the health of the Peace Corps. For this is an organization that could not survive the death of its spirit.

The director of the Peace Corps is appointed by the President and is not subject to the new "five-year rule." It was a coincidence that I should have left the Peace Corps exactly five years after we started, but it was a happy coincidence. I approved 100 per cent.

And yet I have wondered, how do you say goodbye to five years of your life? You can't when the five years were spent with the Peace Corps. On my last day at work, I was told that the citizens of Gonbad-e-Kabus, Iran, had built a monument to Barkley Moore, the Volunteer who had brought the town its first public library. In five years, I had come to expect such things, and yet I still find it amazing—a monument to a Peace Corps Volunteer there in the heart of Asia, only thirty-two miles from the Soviet border. It is the kind of thing that makes a final farewell to the Peace Corps not only sad but impossible.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1185

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1185 will be found in the next issue.

ERUTJEI JE FXQZMUJRE JK KR

MKUREJKTJEI MK UTF MNRQEU

RY JIEROMEZF JU MZZQNQ-

HMUFK JE UTF YRON RY JEFOU

YMZUK. —TFEOB MXMNK

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1184

Some circumstantial evidence is very strong, as when you find a trout in the milk. —THOREAU.

European Scene

Continued from page 32

its own Renaissance—O'Connor, O'Flaherty, O'Casey, and Joyce, among others. Censorship of Girodias in France, Sinyavsky in Russia, Ginzburg in the U.S., and Franz Fühmann in East Germany has already been discussed in the survey.

Ironically, one of the five paintings by Lucas Cranach the Elder now reported as missing in Germany in the wake of World War II is *The Burning of Hus's Writings.*

Alexander Blok (1881-1921) was the greatest Russian lyricist of the early twentieth century. Almost as interesting as his poetry are his *Notebooks*, in which he recorded the stirring pageant of 1901-1920 as a religious member of the outgoing gentry, the last of the "penitent nobles." Also revealing in these diaries are the many explanations of the poems and the first drafts. The *Notebooks* often criticize the excesses of the new revolutionaries, and it is good to know that the new Soviet edition (*Khudozhestvennaya Literatura*) does not suppress these. The *obiter dicta* help explain the final stanza of Blok's famous poem "The Twelve," where Jesus appears at the van of twelve disciples of early Communism as a reminder that social Christianity is not to be stamped out. As Mirra Ginzburg translates it:

Through the blizzard unseen,
By the bullets untouched,
Like a spray of pearly snow,
In a crown of pure-white roses,
On the storm with gentle tread
Jesus Christ walks at their head.

The impenitent nobles of his class were not appreciative of this mixture of myth —nor were the Bolshevik censors.

—ROBERT J. CLEMENTS.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 5, 7, 11, 9, 8, 10, 4, 1, 12, 6, 2, 3.

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(Continued on page 60)

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(Continued from page 59)

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GIRL FRIDAY . . . $800 month, it seems, is more important to American women than a really Unequaled Opportunity Job that could teach her the workings of the American social structure—as exemplified by the Congress, business, labor, the press and the professors. In four months of sporadic advertising, the money-seekers have been unable to get past the barbed-wire defenses of this ad, and the alleged learners have been totally lacking in imagination—or they have been too timid to get their feet wet. This is the end of the line. **MUST** type 70 w.p.m. No shorthand. Automobile essential to live, work at 1,000 feet elevation in Virginia countryside, 80 minutes from Washington, D. C. Unemployed. Unattached. Age, 25-40. No wallflowers, nine-to-fivers or captives of convention. None. No miserable personalities, dilettantes, or apron-string worriers. None. No promising writers, please. Absolutely no pseudo-sophisticates who think reality is vulgar. Zero. Write Economic Inequities, The Plains, Virginia 22171. Much better, be a big operator by calling 703-253-5376 your expense. No chit-chat calls from managers or other very superior people. Tell your friends, if you have any, that this position goes to an unassuming All-American Girl with a FIERCE sense of humor. Job starts AT ONCE. Here there is no security (none): but much adventure. Don't dilly-dally.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

MAGAZINE JOURNALISM SEQUENCE HEAD—September. Professional experience, M.A., essential. School of Journalism, University of Iowa, Iowa City 52240.

CHILD-CARE CAREER POSITION available, NYC. Mature woman houseparent. Some college and experience. Live-in with 8 teenagers. Professional Supervision. Excellent Salary. Fringe Benefits. Box S-193.

CHALLENGING NEW Civil Liberties Educational Reform Center, NYC, requires two top level experienced secretaries. One for Political Science Professor—one for Executive of Research & Development Center. Write to: 433 West 117th Street, NYC 10027.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

VERMONT'S NORTHEAST KINGDOM. Lovingly cared for comfortable 15 room, 100-year-old house. Mahogany spiral stairs, 2 fireplaces, 3½ baths. New siding, aluminum combination windows, copper pipes. Partly furnished. In village in heart of superb year-round scenic sports country. Owner. $25,000. Write Box 746, Island Pond, Vermont. Phone 802-723-4788.

MARYLAND. Distinctive 15 room home. 9 acres, stream, horse barn. One hour to Washington and Baltimore. $48,000. Box 145, Buckeystown, Maryland.

GUILFORD, VERMONT—Secluded camp in lovely wooded area overlooking Green River. Large firepiace, bathroom, half-story sleeping deck. $9,500. Telephone 802-254-5145.

LYME, N.H. Charming antique Cape. Ideal location. 203-865-6875.

NEWFANE, VERMONT. Ideal investment property. Spacious village home; attached, renovated but unspoiled studio barn. $17,500. SR Box S-130.

EARLY 19th CENTURY schoolhouse converted into charming 2 bedroom year round or summer home. Furnishings available. Near Rhinebeck, Taconic Thruway. Settle estate. R. E. Carlson, 1000 East Avenue, Rochester, N.Y. 14607.

FRANCESTOWN, SOUTHERN NEW HAMPSHIRE—1790 Colonial village home. Approximately 1 acre. Brook at rear. 10 rooms, attached barn. Basically excellent, some interior redecorating and modernizing necessary. Offered at $24,500. George M. Foster, Real Estate, Francestown, N.H.

GEORGE FRED KECK designed home epitome of contemporary, stone and natural cypress in sylvan setting. 5 bedrooms. Write J. C. Cowan, 1407 East Fox Lane, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53217.

For Rent—Furnished

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS—Beautiful house by sea—20 acres. Box S-3.

HOUSE AT TREMEZZO, Lake Como, Italy, available until July 1967. Stefan Schnabel, telephone: Norwalk, Connecticut 866-1871.

ST. JOHN, VIRGIN ISLANDS—cottage, 9 acres, breath taking views. Weekly. Box S-169.

MARYLAND EASTERN SHORE. New waterfront all-electric, year-round lodge. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Fishing, boating, waterfowl and deer hunting. Seasonal or yearly lease available. Write McKinney, Kirn Burn, Worton, Maryland 21678.

NEVIS, WEST INDIES, COTTAGE, accommodates 4. Private beach, hotel nearby. $75 weekly. Box S-134.

WESTCHESTER, Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.—Small estate, very private, secluded beautiful view. 1 bedroom cottage. All year round. Suitable writer, artist, etc. Box S-175.

CAPE COD—Quiet north side. Spacious new 2 bedroom cottage. Dishwasher. $125 weekly. Lovely surroundings. Excellent beaches nearby. Brewster Real Estate, East Brewster, Massachusetts 02640. Telephone 617-896-3380.

For Summer Rental

BERKSHIRE HILLS. 1 bedroom farm cottage, furnished, conveniences. Breathtaking views, splendid seclusion. June through September. $185 month. Season rates. Box R-596.

MOUNTAINSIDE CHALET, Londonderry, Vermont. June through Labor Day. Box 104, Saugatuck, Connecticut.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

PLEASANTVILLE, N.Y. Charming restored old grist mill on one secluded acre. Private road. Living room, dining room, kitchen, den, 2 bedrooms, 1 bath. 5 minutes from station. June 15th-September 15th. SR Box R-950.

CONIFER, LAKE KEZAR, LOVELL, MAINE. Housekeeping cottages, completely modernized. Secluded, 200 wooded acres, private beach. $125 per week.

N.H. SEACOAST—Georgian house c. 1815. 5 bedrooms, 4½ baths, modern kitchen. Town location; near swimming, sailing. $800 June to September. Sears, 374 Lincoln Avenue, Portsmouth, N.H. 03801.

CHEBEAGUE ISLAND, MAINE. Cottage, 3 bedrooms, fireplace, modern conveniences. Golf, sandy beach. July, August. SR Box S-106.

ASPEN—Summer chalet for 4-6 with car, $25 day; top music festival, glorious mountains. Write Everett Millard, 4030 Irving Park, Chicago, Illinois 60641.

HOUSE AND SAILBOAT. Maine peninsula. Music Festival. Furnished. June to October. $700 per month or part. Kennedy, Gates Mills, Ohio 44040.

TWO RENOVATED FARMHOUSES near Appalachian Gap. Swimming on premises, golf nearby. Each $125 first week, $100 succeeding. Star Mountain Farms, Starksboro, Vermont 05487.

SOUTHERN NOVA SCOTIA. 3 bedroom family cottage, fully equipped. Overlooks Tusket River and Islands and sea. July, August; $250 per month. References required. Box S-153.

VERMONT SKI LODGE near Okemo. Sleeps 8. All facilities. Families only. Season June-September $1,200. Write Norrie, #1804, 535 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10017.

CHARMING MOUNTAIN COTTAGE tastefully furnished. Monroe, N.Y. vicinity. Rent, sale. Box S-160.

BENNINGTON, VERMONT—9 room house, 5 bedrooms, 1½ baths. Modern improvements. Picturesque setting, 400 acres. Call 212-KI 9-8802.

WASHINGTON, D.C. AREA. 6/15-9/15. $1,000. 4 bedroom, antique-furnished, air-conditioned, remodeled farmhouse. 1½ acres, woods. Box S-163.

ITALY—Beautiful country villa, near Siena. 4 bedrooms. June, July. $500 month. 212-533-9679.

SOUTHERN VERMONT. Cabin, furnished, fireplace. Sleeps 2+. Woods, stream. 10 miles from Marlboro. $60 weekly. Box S-186.

ROARING BROOK LAKEFRONT, 50 miles NYC. Compact modern house—3 bedrooms, piano. 10 weeks. 212-TR 3-3112.

DUXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS. Oceanfront lovely house—all comforts, 2½ baths, heated. June, July. 71 Jordan Road, Brookline, Massachusetts 02146.

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT—end of road, edge of woods, small, early brick house, 2 double, 1 single. 180 acres. Adults only, references exchanged. June 15th-September 15th, $1,400. Or $500 per month. Miles Hayes, RFD 1, Woodstock.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—July rental. Spacious 3 bedroom house on 2 acres, all-electrical appliances including dishwasher. Middle road, Chilmark, overlooking South Beach. $800. Box S-190.

NEAR COOPERSTOWN, N.Y. Interesting enormous lodge; 2 baths, dishwasher. 9 acres. Peace. $75 weekly. Box S-194.

PUTNEY, VERMONT—July first to November first. Peaceful, hilltop modern house, 2 bedrooms. $800. J. Case, Putney, Vermont.

HOUSE WANTED

SMALL, YEAR-ROUND HOUSE near the sea, for eventual retirement. Box S-156.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 550 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036.

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

MANHATTAN—4 rooms near Hudson—West 70th. 3 summer months, $450. Box S-147.

LARGE SEASHORE APARTMENT, fireplace. Private beach, magnificent view Provincetown. Box S-173.

NYC, NICE LOCATION, exquisitely furnished 6 large rooms, air-conditioned. June-September. $330. References. Box S-184.

SUMMER IN GREECE? Lovely old balconied apartment for two in dignified neighborhood of Athens. July. $135. References. Box S-201.

PUTNEY, VERMONT—apartment, country home, 100 acre scenic site, modern facilities, accommodates two. Contact R. W. Ellis.

ROOM AVAILABLE

LIBRARIAN'S HOME. Near Columbia University, NYC. Quiet. Kitchen privileges. Female. Box S-139.

ROOM WANTED

For Summer Rental

CONNECTICUT, by retired couple. Private home or Inn. Private bath, meals. Near village. Box S-165.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BERKSHIRE AREA. 3 to 10 acre homesites. 30-mile views, seclusion. Within half hour Tanglewood, lakes, theaters. Lovely 1810 country home, 14 rooms, acreage, same location. Brochure. Overlook, Hillsdale, N.Y. 12529.

MAINE—Wooded acreage—$10 per acre and up. Old farms, shore property, retirement homes, cottages, cabins, business opportunities. Franklin Realty Co. (Mr. Barrows), Farmington, Maine. Telephone 207-778-2852.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—unusual wooded settings with unparalleled views of Vineyard Sound. Close proximity to excellent community beach. 2-6 acres. $15,000-$30,000. Box R-241.

OLD FARMHOUSE and spacious barn on unspoiled Vermont Lake (most of shore owned by the Wilderness Corporation, insuring no building). Farmhouse tract affords majestic lake view. Ownership includes use of lake beaches, of 2,200 acre forest with hiking trails. 12 room farmhouse, oldest in region, has triple fireplace, fine woodwork. Despite population pressures elsewhere, restrictions here preserve natural beauty of lake. Remaining to sell in Wilderness Community: two 1 acre lots, two 2 acre; also, further on, 3 acre lot bordering shore. All nondivisible, with building restricted. Kenneth S. Webb, Woodstock, Vermont.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FREE BOOKLET, "990 Successful, Little-Known Businesses." Work home! Plymouth 928-A, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218.

LIVE, WORK, raise your family near heaven. Weekly newspaper-job printing plant close to skiing, lakes in northern New England. Requires minimum $40,000 down. Box S-211.

CAMPS

MAINE SAILING SCHOOL—summer camp, coed, ages 11-17, on Penobscot Bay. Roy and Emily Hilburn, Box 174, Lakeport, California 95453.

NO FRILLS. Full $700 worth: Music, Drama, Dance, Fine Arts, Folk Music (Guitar), Sports (coed 6-16). Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 22, New Jersey.

GREEN MOUNTAIN Chamber Music Camp—Landgrove, Vermont. Strings only. Coed 11-14. Visit Marlboro, Hopkins Center, Saratoga. Outdoor education, historical tours, sports. Family atmosphere in beautiful ski lodge. Brochure. Director, M. C. Vincent, Meadow Way, Irvington-on-Hudson, New York.

CAMPS

CENTERS FOR EDUCATION IN DEMOCRACY in southern Appalachia and in New York City. Opportunity for mature 15-18 year-olds to join 75 teenagers of all racial, religious, social-economic backgrounds in study of poverty and Civil Rights problems, world affairs. Union College, Barbourville, Kentucky, or Fieldston School, New York City, July 3rd-August 13th. Cost: $450; scholarships on basis of need. Nonpartisan, nonsectarian; nonprofit. Write: Encampment for Citizenship, Inc., 2 West 64th Street, New York City 10023.

GROVE FARM WORKSHOP in the Humanities. Boys, girls; 14 through 18. Study creative thinking through literature, history, music, drama; work projects, carpentry, forestry, gardening. June 26th-August 7th. B. S. deFrees, Director, North Rumford, Maine 04278.

SUMMERLANE CAMP in the tradition of The Little Commonwealth, Summerhill, The Gorky Colony. Continuing an exploration of the boundaries of freedom in democracy; seeking to teach that love is something more than need; that work and creativity are inseparable. Now in our 4th summer. Boys and girls, ages 5-19. Buckbrook Farm, North Branch 20, N.Y.

CAMP BIOTA—Fun. Knowledge. Adventure. Natural Science. Academically talented boys, 9-14. Six weeks. Swimming, canoeing, riding, creative crafts, wilderness survival. Write Dr. and Mrs. Forrest S. Evans, Joelton, Tennessee. Call NAshville 766-2494.

HIGH/SCOPE—capable youth 11-16. Flexible program with intellectual challenge. 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan.

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS. Boys 7-18. Six age groups. Private lakes near Old Forge. Pack horse; Canadian canoe trips. Riding, riflery, fishing, tutoring. Nurses. 41st year. William Abbott, Box 2385, Fayetteville, New York.

CAMP CHOCONUT—A summer of constructive fun, 40 boys, 9 to 14. Campcraft, shop, natural science, work projects, farm animals, sports. Lake. 800 acres 17 miles south of Binghamton, New York, in Pennsylvania Blue Ridge Mountains. Booklet. S. Hamill Horne, Box 33R, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania.

THE FRENCH CAMP at Peter Pan Farm. Voluntary French lessons by Frenchman. Voluntary farm chores. Elaborate Arts-Crafts department. Music, Drama. Horseback riding, filtered swimming pool, tennis court, sports. International staff—campers. Coed, ages 5-16. Relaxed, non-competitive family atmosphere. Aart & Johanna Vos. Phone: Woodstock, N.Y. 914-679-6936.

EUROPEAN CAMP—Switzerland. Coed. 6-16. French language instruction. Sports. Excursions. Josephine McCarthy, 4705 Henry Hudson Parkway, NYC 10471.

RETIREMENT LIVING

ALL YOUR RETIREMENT NEEDS in one place! Newest, most complete apartment-type building in the eastern United States—exclusively for persons over 60! Located in suburban, residential Toledo, Ohio. Good companions, good food, good surroundings, good health care, good transportation. Near shopping, attractively landscaped, 80 acres, 6-hole golf course, gardens . . . come and go as you please. And now . . . Lake Park Hospital and Health Services Center . . . nearing completion on the grounds . . . providing extensive health care for the convalescent patient. Life lease and monthly fee plans available. For complete information write Manager, Crestview Club Apartments, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

SUNSHINE AND CULTURAL STIMULATION, TOO? No need to settle for one or the other when you can have both at the Ventura TowneHouse. Balmy, year-round climate—where purposeful living is carefree. HQ for Ventura Symphony Association and Forum of the Arts—across the street from Ventura College—near Santa Barbara and Los Angeles. Spacious tower or garden apartments—epicurean meals for zestful living. Putting green, Health Club, sauna bath, or nearby beach, Marina, golf courses to keep trim. 24 hour emergency R.N. response from adjoining convalescent hospital. No capital investment—one modest monthly payment includes meals, maid service and use of extensive facilities. Rates start at $250. For color brochure write S. R. Wilbey, Ventura TowneHouse, 4900 Telegraph Road, Ventura, California 93003. Use one of our "try-it-out" units for a relaxing vacation in the sun!—you'll send for your favorite roll-top desk and stay.

(Continued on page 62)

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(Continued from page 61)

VACATIONS

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT—Attractive four-season vacation homesites on small highland lake. Can build to suit buyer. Jack Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

WESTERN ADVENTURE on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages. Operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips. All ranch activities. Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R676, Livingston, Montana 59047.

WOLFEBORO—The Oldest Summer Resort in America. On beautiful Lake Winnipesaukee. For FREE illustrated, informative brochure write Chamber of Commerce, Wolfeboro 3, N.H.

HIGHEST EASTERN RANCH adjoining magnificent Great Smokies National Park. Unlimited riding, pack trips, other activities. Fine cuisine, informal atmosphere. Reservations requested. Cataloochee Ranch, Waynesville, North Carolina.

ENJOY YOUR VACATION at **THE LAKESIDE RESORT** with your family in New England. All facilities. Entertainment. Dining room. Housekeeping cottages. Forrest Durkee, Wolfeboro 18, N.H.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. new year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

EAGLE MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Jackson 16, New Hampshire. Overlooks Wildcat Valley. Square mile estate with golf, swimming pool. All summer sports, social program. Excellent meals. June 24th-October 13th. Color folder.

HOUSEBOAT VACATIONS. Command your relaxing cruise on the Finger Lakes, Erie Canal, Mohawk River, *miles of varied, historic waterways. Private, comfortable,* carefree—and safe for children. Insured. Completely equipped galley, head, living for six. Novices welcome. Fingerlakes Houseboat Vacations, 508 Beechwood, East Rochester, New York.

COOL nights, warm days. Informal round of fun, activities, entertainment at this family cottage colony. Delicious food, lobster, cookouts, sailboats, beach, sauna, canoe trips, AAA. Write Chute Homestead, Naples 7, Maine.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

INFORMAL FAMILY VACATIONS, erudite clientele, children's haven. Lake Shore Farm, Northwood, N.H.

LIKE SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS, Excellent Meals? You'll thoroughly enjoy vacationing at this delightful country Inn on 250 acre estate. Children's supervised summer program. Informal entertainment. $13.50-$25.50 day includes meals. Family rates. AAA. Color folder. Open all year. Telephone 413-498-5341. Edwin Finch, Manager, The Northfield Inn, East Northfield 46, Massachusetts.

PARADISE REGAINED. Write Sam Grant, The Bay Islands, Honduras, Central America.

FLORIDA KEYS — ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL-MOTEL. Informal seaside relaxation. Bountiful meals. Near beach, art colony, golf. Moderate rates. Color folder. Ogunquit 2, Maine.

BACK LOG CAMP, on Indian Lake, Adirondacks, New York, attracts those who love the unspoiled wilderness and actively welcome escape from civilization's "advantages." July 1st to September 5th. Reductions for families and longer visits. Brochure: Mrs. Henry J. Cadbury, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

SNOWMASS LODGE, ASPEN, COLORADO. Relaxed ranch living in the incomparable beauty of the Colorado Rockies. Write Snowmass Lodge, Box D-802, Aspen, Colorado.

WILD LOONS CALL, unique family camp, Indian Lake's unspoiled shores, rustic Adirondackania, 52nd year. *Peruse brochure. Timberlock, Sabael, N.Y.*

IN THE COOL ATLANTIC. Make reservations now for a vacation with inspirational talks and interesting activities at Star Island, off Portsmouth, N.H. Conference center operated by Congregationalists and Unitarian Universalists June 25th to September 3rd. Open to people of all faiths. Lectures on religion, science, international affairs. Programs include marine biology, arts and crafts, folk dancing, sports, boating and fishing, evening entertainment, children's program, youth activities. Just the vacation for mother! Write Star Island, 355 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

GREEN SHADOWS INN. Old Lyme, Connecticut. Good country living. One housekeeping cottage.

CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED—everything furnished, $6.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Drawer 569, Ely, Minnesota.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. *Special summer rates. Write for information to Hotel* Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

ROCKPORT. You will love this photoscenic year 'round New England seacoast town. Sea birds, flowers, the leisurely pace, rockbound coast and clear, crisp air appeal to artists, photographers and vacationers. For free guidebook write: Board of Trade, Rockport 2, Massachusetts.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theater, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For Information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

REST AND RELAXATION. Vacation resort with meals, on Lake Wentworth. Modern cottages. Outdoor sports. Bass fishing. Color folder gives complete information. Point Breeze, Wolfeboro, N.H.

FALL UNDER THE SPELL of the sea as did many literary greats at this distinguished resort on Cape Ann. *Quiet, restful. All rooms, suites with private baths and* telephones. Broad porches. Excellent food. The Ralph Waldo Emerson, Rockport 2, Massachusetts. Telephone 617-546-6321.

SHAWMUT INN. AAA. Oceanfront resort. Charming, restful, informal. 60 rooms. 18 cottages. Chalet Motor Lodge. Heated pool. Fine food. Cocktails. Open May 20th. Kennebunkport 19, Maine.

CANADA VACATION? Wooded island in beautiful lake, eastern Ontario. Housekeeping cottages, $35-$45 weekly. Electricity. Quiet, refined. Box R-924.

TEN MILES AT SEA: a small, tranquil inn on a serene outer island. The Island Inn, Monhegan Island, Maine. *Box S.*

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

RELAX-BY-THE-SEA at superb Maine resort less than two hours drive from Boston. Excellent cuisine, championship putting green, swimming pool. The Lookout Hotel, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR. Vermont lake. Children under 12- or 24-hour care. Excellent counselors. Planned activities. For adults: canoe trips, sailing, water skiing, cookouts, tennis, fabulous meals. Cabins or housekeeping. Nearby: golf, antique auctions, summer stock. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC 10010.

RESORT LUXURY in the North Woods. Swimming pool, golf, archery. Excellent food, cocktails. Private airstrip adjoins. Two miles north of Jackman. Sky Lodge and Motel. Moose River, Maine.

SALT BOXES ON CAPE COD. Large, private, sandy, saltwater beach. Dock, boats. Sailing, fishing. Excellent golf and tennis nearby. Modern design cottages on Bass River in quiet pine woods—each with kitchenette and fireplace. Duplexes and separate cottages for 2 to 6 persons. Maid service. $6 to $10 per person per day. Convenient to all Cape activities, stores, restaurants. For brochure, write: Lilian S. Kenrick, South Yarmouth, Massachusetts. Phone 398-2821.

GRACIOUS LIVING in beautiful seacoast village. Fine food. Entertainment, own boat and auto trips. $12.50-$16.50 daily includes 3 meals. Folder. Direct service from New York. Paul R. Hurlburt. Whitehall Inn, Camden, Maine.

MONADNOCK REGION. Beauty, charm, relaxation, towering pines, swimming pool, shuffleboard, your own lodge, delicious meals. Open May to mid-October. Write Palmer Lodge, Keene 4, N.H.

SEBAGO-LONG LAKES REGION . . . Maine's most accessible lakes are surrounded by pine-clad mountains. Seacoast cities nearby. Free color magazine. Sebago-Long Lakes Association, Box 16, Sebago Lake, Maine.

LIKE A CRUISE on the ocean with none of the motion. A small, luxurious, quiet, scenic inn. Salt water pool. With or without meals. No liquor. Open now to *November. AAA Mobile Guide. Yankee Clipper, Rockport* 3, Massachusetts.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, only one hour by air from New York or Boston: White sand beaches, surf bathing (water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 25D Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

NASSAU, BAHAMAS. Now is the time—crowds gone, rates down, weather is fine. Cable Beach Manor Apartment Hotel—each has kitchen, bath, veranda, air-conditioning. 1-2-3 rooms. Private beach, double $70 week. Write Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

NO DUDE RANCH THIS, but a remote area of hills and buttes and cool, deep canyons. Some guests ride into the hills with the boss to check the cattle, some take a walk, some paint or read or just loaf. Our telephone number is 2W2. Richardson Hereford Ranch, Crawford, Nebraska.

THE YODLER—*Music Festival, golf, heated pool, effi*ciencies, chalets. Stowe, Vermont.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages (non-housekeeping) for 2 to 6 guests. $85 to $115 weekly includes 2 delicious meals daily. Lower June rates. Write D. R. Thompson, Owner-Manager, *Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts 02552.*

WINDHAM HILL FARM—West Townshend, Vermont 05359. Quiet country inn. Old magazines. Good food. Folder.

ESTES PARK, COLORADO—A 17th century chalet in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. Beautiful accommodations *for travelers seeking tranquillity. Limited capacity*—excellent food. Brochure. Ravencrest Chalet, P.O. Box 1470, Estes Park, Colorado.

MAINE COAST'S BEST! Four safe, sandy beaches. Surf bathing. Sailing. Deep-sea fishing. Golfing. Yacht and boat facilities. Smart shops. Historic Colonial Village accommodations for all tastes and budgets. For details, write Chamber of Commerce, Box 7, York Beach, Maine.

GARDEN GABLES INN, Lenox, Massachusetts. Charming rooms. Breakfast. Extensive grounds, in town. Swimming pool. Convenient restaurants. Tanglewood 1½ miles. Taxi, bus. Folders.

"YOU CAN'T HARDLY GET them any more." Exceptionally fine country inn overlooking village green of picturesque Brandon. Near library. Elevator. Sprinkler. Well appointed, immaculate, comfortable, charming. Fine food, wines, liquors. Cookouts, golf, heated pool, garden, fishing stream, shuffleboard. Scenic and historic drives. Antiques, auctions, memorable. Folder. Brandon Inn, Brandon 6, Vermont.

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VACATION WORKSHOPS

THIS SUMMER Go Painting in Blue Ridge Mountains. Excellent food. Top instruction drawing, painting by George Solonevich, internationally known. Classes never larger than 12 with two instructors. Brochure: Blue Ridge Art Studio, Route 7, Roanoke, Virginia.

STUDIES ABROAD

COLLEGE ART STUDY ABROAD—PARIS. Year-round. 261 Boulevard Raspail, Paris, France.

AROUND-THE-WORLD IN 4 YEARS. Now accepting applications from qualified high school graduates for September. Registrar, Friends World Institute, East Norwich, N.Y. 11732. 516-MA 6-1310.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

16-19—Live, learn French. 7 weeks French family, one week Paris tour. LANGUAGE SUMMER IN FRANCE, 212-SU 7-7114 (evenings). Box P-486.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1672

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. How Robert Ingersoll said the superior man holds himself, above the fallen (from *Liberty*).	177 43 18 139 154 61 9
B. Of doubtful authenticity.	12 52 178 72 135 109 37 46 49 33
C. Brings again to mind.	103 167 90 70 128 116 98 25 13
D. Extends one's activities (2 wds.)	162 57 170 83 10 207 81 181 31 41 68
E. What Thoreau said he never did for *the sun materially in his rising* (*Economy*).	87 63 136 7 75 96 151 40
F. What Carl Sandburg used after *Player with*, as an epithet for *Chicago* (1916).	195 157 91 108 124 213 64 166 192
G. Branch of learning, which Plato said compels the soul to look upwards (*Republic*).	188 169 111 106 56 171 201 196 66
H. Flagellants (2 wds.)	184 156 129 55 113 212 65 21 191 163 50 153
I. Coupled with *woods*, these 2 wds. bring rapture to the heart in a patriotic song.	58 208 209 123 11 51 17 97 131 174 27 110
J. Lacking melodiousness or syntony.	175 165 74 206 20 5 193 185 172
K. Three philosophical works by Kant, 1781, 1788, 1790.	214 144 114 155 59 199 82 3 132
L. Important component material of a violin bow.	2 194 71 48 216 80 137 143 53

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. A Mohammedan hermit or *saint*; a kind of thrown raw silk.	104 62 215 100 146 77 200 36
N. Brings into agreement; concedes.	182 42 173 19 179 120 189
O. Announced.	88 204 160 190 78 148 134 15
P. Whatever exist in possibility, though not in actuality.	142 102 45 121 8 79 94 197 73 14
Q. The twin whose name was modified to name a great city, while his brother's is best known as a lovable old fictional character.	38 23 126 164 6 147 92
R. Dangerous overweight; corpulency.	54 176 28 183 85 202 34
S. Not made specifically ready.	112 138 93 125 133 1 140 89
T. Challenged to perform a specified action, mockingly described as impossible.	150 47 84 119 180 211
U. *Pushes forcibly, often* something already in motion.	86 69 168 26 161 95 122
V. People who, B. F. King, Jr. said, *are most too homelike now* (2 wds.)	60 186 158 205 29 159 145 130 44 76
W. Deteriorated.	24 39 152 118 127 32 210 101
X. Implicated in confusion.	117 141 99 22 67 16 198 105 115
Y. Gathers again; collects and restores to order.	4 203 149 187 35 107 30

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

			1 S	2 L	3 K		4 Y	5 J	6 Q	7 E	8 P	9 A		10 D	11 I	12 B	13 C
14 P		15 O	16 X	17 I		18 A	19 N	20 J		21 H	22 X	23 Q	24 W		25 C	26 U	27 I
28 R	29 V	30 Y		31 D	32 W	33 B	34 R		35 Y	36 M		37 B	38 Q	39 W	40 E	41 D	42 N
43 A	44 V		45 P	46 B	47 T		48 L	49 B	50 H	51 I		52 B	53 L	54 R	55 H	56 G	57 D
58 I	59 K	60 V	61 A		62 M	63 E		64 F	65 H	66 G		67 X	68 D	69 U	70 C	71 L	
72 B	73 P	74 J	75 E	76 V		77 M	78 O		79 P	80 L	81 D		82 K	83 D	84 T	85 R	86 U
	87 E	88 O	89 S		90 C	91 F	92 Q	93 S	94 P	95 U		96 E	97 I	98 C		99 X	100 M
101 W		102 P	103 C		104 M	105 X	106 G	107 Y	108 F	109 B		110 I	111 G	112 S	113 H	114 K	115 X
	116 C	117 X	118 W	119 T	120 N	121 P	122 U		123 I	124 F	125 S	126 Q	127 W		128 C	129 H	130 V
131 I	132 K	133 S	134 O	135 B	136 E		137 L	138 S	139 A		140 S	141 X	142 P	143 L	144 K	145 V	—
146 M	147 Q	148 O	149 Y	150 T	151 E	152 W	153 H		154 A	155 K		156 H	157 F	158 V		159 V	160 O
161 U		162 D	163 H	164 Q	165 J	166 F	167 C	168 U	169 G		170 D	171 G	172 J		173 N	174 I	175 J
176 R		177 A	178 B	179 N	180 T	181 D		182 N	183 R		184 H	185 J	186 V	187 Y		188 G	189 N
	190 O	191 H	192 F		193 J	194 L	195 F	196 G	197 P	198 X		199 K	200 M	201 G	202 R	203 Y	
204 O	205 V		206 J	207 D	208 I		209 I	210 W	211 T	212 H	213 F	214 K	215 M	216 L			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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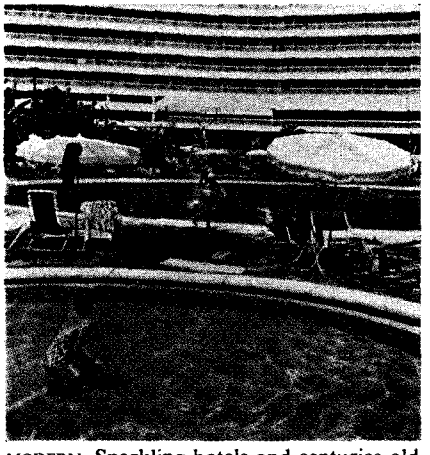
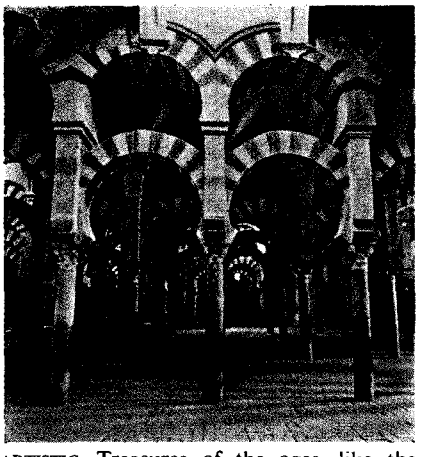
Six splendid words to know before you take off for Spain.

MODERNO!



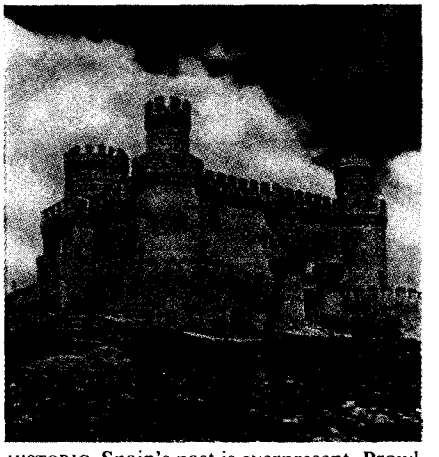
MODERN. Sparkling hotels and centuries-old cathedrals stand equally at ease in the Spanish sunshine. You'll live luxuriously in today's Spain—and pay less for it than anywhere else you may travel in Europe.

ARTISTICO!



ARTISTIC. Treasures of the ages, like the Mosque of Cordova, above, are daily sights here. The artistic heritage of Spain evolves from the greatness of Greek, Roman, Arabic and other civilizations. Come feast your eyes.

HISTORICO!



HISTORIC. Spain's past is everpresent. Prowl medieval castles brimming with royal antiquities. Visit Segovia and see the Roman Spain. In Alhambra view Moorish Spain. Santiago preserves the tomb of St. James.

ESTILO!

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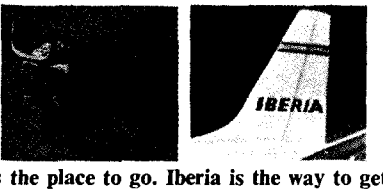

Spain is the place to go. Iberia is the way to get there.
See your Travel Agent.

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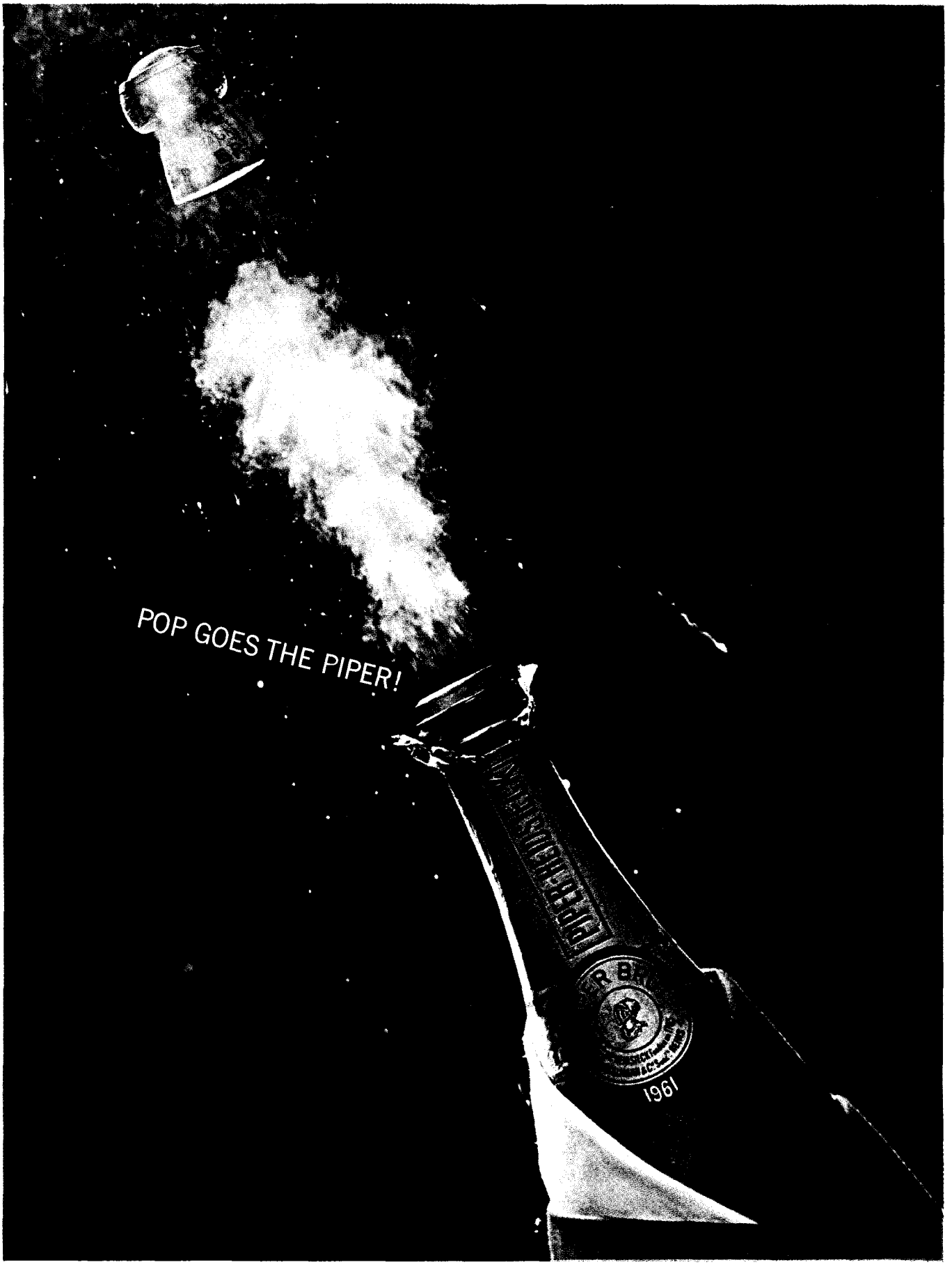

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